

# The TATLER

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London, January 7, 1931

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# The TATTLER

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Price One Shilling



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND MR. JAMES BAIRD, M.F.H.

At Whadborough Cross Roads, where the Cottesmore met last week. All Leicestershire is delighted to have H.R.H. back with them again, and his return has brought the promise of better sport. All the first part of the season has been definitely disappointing—bad weather, worse scent, and going as heavy as a bog. H.R.H. Prince George, who put his shoulder out hunting in Leicestershire, is much better. Mr. James Baird has been Master of the Cottesmore since 1921, but to everyone's regret has notified his intention of retiring at the end of the present season



# The Letters of Eve



H.E. LORD RUTHVEN'S GUERNSEY PARTY

At the Royal Hotel, Guernsey, where Major-General Lord Ruthven has been Lieutenant-Governor since 1929. The names in the picture, left to right, are: Mr. Wright, the Hon. Jean Hore-Ruthven, Mr. John Barran, Lady Ruthven, the Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven, Captain Nason, Captain R. V. Cutler, the Hon. Mrs. John Barran, His Excellency Lord Ruthven, and Miss Wood



AT NICE: SIR POMEROY BURTON

A snapshot in the sun last week. Sir Pomeroy Burton, who was a personality in the Northcliffe Press, has a villa, Les Myrtes, at Antibes, and in 1925 married Miss Barbara Bramson. He was knighted in 1923

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1  
**R**EALLY, my dear, to Mr. Cochran's activities there is no end. By way of a change from the flippant and spectacular he has taken the Habima Players under his wing. *The Dybbuk* was chosen for the first night of this repertory company, whose plays are given entirely in Hebrew. Not having seen it when it was presented over here in English five years ago, I had to rely on a translated synopsis for an idea of the plot, and this rather cramped one's critical faculty. However a glance at the audience showed that an unusual amount of intelligence was present, and this was successfully brought to bear on the problem of language and story, a surprising number of people being seemingly able to recognize the isolated pleasantries.

I will not attempt a description of the plot beyond telling you that the play deals with the spiritual as well as the terrestrial plane, and that the *Dybbuk* is a wandering spirit who obtains redemption by entering the body of a living person with whose soul it unites. The acting was undoubtedly magnificent, but I had a paradoxical impression that I was witnessing a Russian ballet without dancing.

\* \*

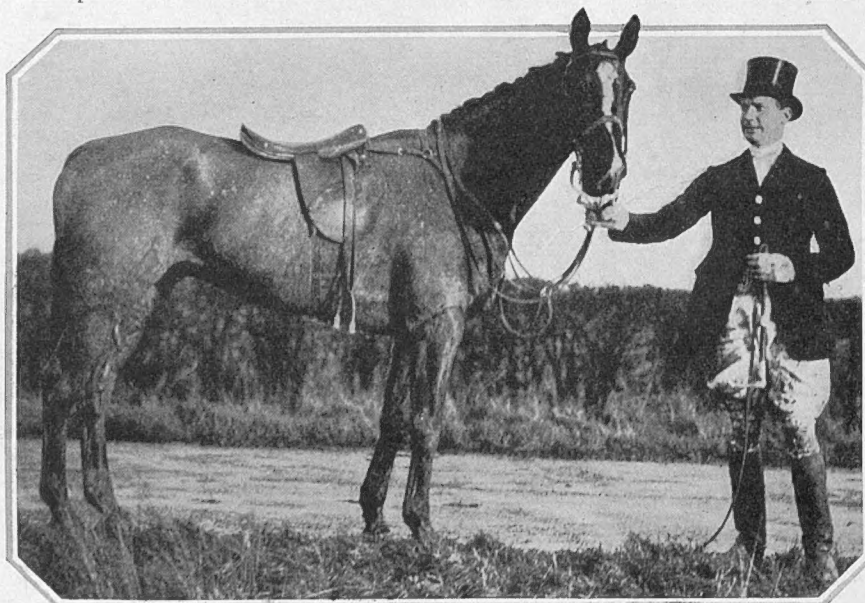
**O**ne onlooker was Miss Mary Borden, lately returned from America and full of plans, stories, and schemes for future literary productions. Few outfits of special interest were visible, but Miss Jeanne de Casalis wore an entrancing black sequin jacket over her black frock and on her head was laid a little cap of

sequins to match. The result should make this fashion spread, for it is decorative, neat, and sensible.

Representatives of many different fields of achievement were present, as, for instance, Mr. Mark Hambourg, Mr. Jacob Epstein, and Mr. Edmund Dulac, and I also observed Mr. Waley, who persistently refuses to claim any fame, though he is acknowledged to be one of the greatest authorities on the Chinese language from a European point of view. Miss Joyce Montagu, whose good brain and original ideas have lately found a market value, was with her mother and youngest brother.

The Phoenix evidently means to have nothing more to do with ashes judging by the severity with which signs of smoke in one of the boxes were treated during an interval. A commissioner first tried signalling to the offenders and then gave a sten-torian order for lights out.

\* \*



Howard Barrett

AFTER A BELVOIR BURST: COMMANDER COLIN BUIST

Every picture tells a story—and this one does—for all the Shires are in a Christmas pudding condition even on the grass of the Belvoir Vale. Commander Colin Buist, M.V.O., was formerly an equerry to H.R.H. the Duke of York

**M**ills' Circus had to be visited, of course, and the young persons I shepherded to Olympia were positively riotous over Whimsical Walker and all the age-old and evergreen jokes and tumbles. But when it came to the turn of the super-acrobats swinging at an incredible height from one



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## FOX-HUNTING'S YOUNG BRIGADE—AND OTHERS



SOME FUTURE TOP-SAWYERS AT BAGGRAVE

A group taken last week at the special meet of the Quorn, which was arranged by Major Algy Burnaby, the senior Master, for the children. The picture says quite plainly what Major Burnaby's field thought about it and how greatly this kind act was appreciated. They take the education of the future fox-hunter in Leicestershire very seriously, and out of the hunting season there are various gymkhanas for children at that famous spot, Craven Lodge, Melton



WITH THE WHEATLAND AT WILLEY HALL, SHROPSHIRE: MR. H. LEGGE-BURKE AND LORD AND LADY FORESTER



LORD DUNMORE, V.C., LADY ELIZABETH MURRAY, MASTER C. R. C. WELD-FORESTER, LADY DUNMORE, MAJOR ROWLAND HUNT, MISS MARY WELD-FORESTER, AND THE HON. E. WELD-FORESTER

Both these groups were taken when the Wheatland Hounds met at Lord Forester's seat, Willey Hall, Salop, last week. Lord Forester used to be in the Blues, and Lady Forester is a daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Duncan Davidson. The Hon. E. Weld-Forester is a brother of Lord Forester. Major Rowland Hunt is an ex-Master of the Wheatland. Lady Elizabeth Murray is Lord and Lady Dunmore's younger daughter. The Earl of Dunmore was Lord Fincastle when he was in the 16th Lancers, and got his V.C. when attached to the Malakand Field Force on the N.W. Frontier of India



# The Cinema : A Mexican Fable

By JAMES AGATE

THE new film at the Empire purports to tell the life-history up to the date of his marriage and retirement into domesticity of a brave and chivalrous bandit endeared to the public of Mexico by the name of Billy the Kid. Being a bit of a realist I propose to give the facts about a good-looking, black-hearted, homicidal maniac, who never retired, never married, was sentenced to death, escaped, and was ultimately shot in the dark by Sheriff Garrett. William H. Bonney was born in New York on November 23, 1859. The family, consisting of father, mother, and two boys, of whom Billy was the elder, migrated to Kansas when the father died. The mother then took her two boys to Colorado, where she married a man called Antrim, who at once took her and Billy to Santa Fé, New Mexico, whence when Billy was nine years of age they moved on to Silver City. At the age of twelve our hero successfully brought off his first murder. Watching a rough-and-tumble in a bar he observed that one of the participants was a man who some three months earlier had insulted his mother. With Billy to observe was to act, and taking advantage of a moment when the man was about to fell his opponent with a chair, the boy rushed in under his arm and stabbed him to death. Flight to Arizona followed, where he and another young brigand encountered three Indians in the neighbourhood of Fort Bowie. I give Billy's own account of what followed:—"It was a ground hog case. Here were twelve good ponies, four or five saddles, a good supply of blankets, and five pony loads of pelts. Here were three bloodthirsty savages, revelling in all this luxury and refusing succour to two free-born, white American citizens, foot-sore and hungry. The plunder had to change hands—there was no alternative—and as one live Indian could place a hundred United States troopers on our trail in two hours, and as a dead Indian would be likely to take some other route, our resolves were taken. In three minutes there were three 'good Injuns' lying around there, careless like, and with ponies and plunder we skipped. There was no fight. It was about the softest thing I ever struck." At Fort Bowie he next killed a soldier blacksmith with whom he quarrelled at cards. At the age of seventeen Billy took part in what is known as the Lincoln County War, a bloody and complicated business concerning grazing-rights in which Billy fought sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other. This was gangster warfare and in no way more respectable than the Chicago feuds of the present day. Even then, it appears, rival thugs took one another for rides, but always on their own horses and sometimes under a flag of truce. Finding a rival drunk in a bar the Kid complimented him on his revolver, put the weapon out of action, returned it to the owner, provoked him to a quarrel, and when the drunken man had fired harmlessly, whipped his own revolver out and shot him through the brain. There was another dreadful occasion when the Kid proposed to a posse which was out to capture him that if they would agree to exchange hostages he would consider the question of surrender. The exchange was made and a very decent young blacksmith, one Jimmie Carlyle, recently come to the territory and much liked by everybody, was handed over to the Kid, who proceeded to make him say his prayers, and then tortured him by shooting all round his head. At the noise of this the posse sent word that if they heard another shot they would presume that Carlyle had been killed, and take immediate revenge on their hostage. Then one of the guns belonging to the police-party went off by accident, whereupon Carlyle, fearing that his own life would be taken, jumped through the window of the block-house and was riddled with bullets before he reached the ground. The Kid afterwards expressed great regret for this misunderstanding, but it was this murder which chiefly brought about his loss of popularity.

Ultimately the Kid surrendered to the police for reasons which might weigh with a Jack Diamond, and was sentenced to

death for the murder of Sheriff Brady. Brady held a warrant for the Kid's arrest; so the Kid hid behind a wall and murdered the Sheriff in cold blood as he was on his way to the court-house. Unfortunately Lincoln County did not at that time possess a gaol which would have held a cripple. The Kid had no difficulty in procuring arms and killing his two warders, one with a bullet from his revolver, and the other with thirty-six buck shot. There is no doubt that Sheriff Garrett, who had charge of the prisoner, was responsible for these deaths, since to allow a rogue of the Kid's ability to roam virtually fetterless about a gaol well-stocked with firearms was asking for trouble. The Kid now made his way towards Fort Sumner where he was allowed a few weeks' rope. Ultimately he was rounded up by Sheriff Garrett and two police-officers. Garrett discovered where the Kid was in hiding, rounded him up in some old buildings, and heard him, declaring he was hungry, ask for a butcher-knife with which to get some beef from Pete Maxwell's. But Garrett got to Pete

Maxwell's house first and was hiding by the side of Pete's bed when the Kid came in with a revolver in one hand and the butcher-knife in the other. I shall tell the rest in Garrett's own words: "The intruder came close to me, leaned both hands on the bed, his right hand almost touching my knee, and asked in a low tone, 'Who are they, Pete?' At the same instant Maxwell whispered to me, 'That's him!' Simultaneously the Kid must have seen or felt the presence of a third person at the head of the bed. He raised quickly his pistol—a self-cocker—within a foot of my breast. Retreating rapidly across the room, he cried, '¿Quién es? ¿Quién es?' All this occurred more rapidly than it takes to tell it. As quick as possible I drew my revolver and fired, threw my body to one side, and fired again. The second shot was useless. The Kid fell dead at the first one. He never spoke. A struggle or two, a little strangling sound as he gasped for breath, and the Kid was with his many victims." Somehow or other I do not particularly care about Master Garrett who, in his book about the Kid, admits the wilful intention of shooting him in the back, or in the dark, or in whichever way involved the least risk to his own precious carcass. Bonney was buried in the old military cemetery at Fort Sumner on July 5, 1881, he being a little over twenty-one years of age. This young man is known to have committed twelve murders, not counting Indians! He was a handsome, smiling dago, but I cannot

discover that he possessed any virtues except courage and the capacity to shoot straight.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Mr. King Vidor's film shows nothing of all this, but prefers to present Bonney as a kind of prairie Valentino sighing for a young woman's eyebrow. The young woman in question even goes so far as to whitewash Bonney with the categorical statement: "You've never killed a man that didn't need killing, and you've made America a better place to live in!" This is, of course, complete and utter punk. Garrett, instead of being shown as the atrabilious, self-justifying police hound, has to become the jovial sportsman who is Mr. Wallace Beery. Mr. Beery connives at Mr. Bonney's escape and, twitching his helmet blue, wafts him to fresh woods and pastures new. This film will do nothing to remove the misconceptions already prevalent about the Kid. How prevalent these are may be adduced from the fact that my colleague, Mr. Gordon Beckles, normally omniscient, writes: "I imagine that the sanguinary Billy looked much more like Mr. Beery than Mr. John Mack Brown." Personally I cannot imagine any murderer in his teens looking like that middle-aged mountain. If Mr. Beckles is interested I shall be delighted to show him an authentic drawing of Bonney which shows him to have looked like a Hippodrome chorus boy in some revue of the Wild West. As a film having no connection whatever with the real Bonney, *Billy The Kid* will pass muster.



MISS RUTH CHATTERTON—ALSO "JOCK"

The charming young actress' latest picture is "The Right to Love." "Jock," luckily for himself, happened to be looking out of a dog fancier's show window one day when Ruth Chatterton was on the way to rehearsal. His new address is in the Beverley Hills at the Château Chatterton



# DOWN WITH THE SKI IN SLIPS

On the Swiss Slopes



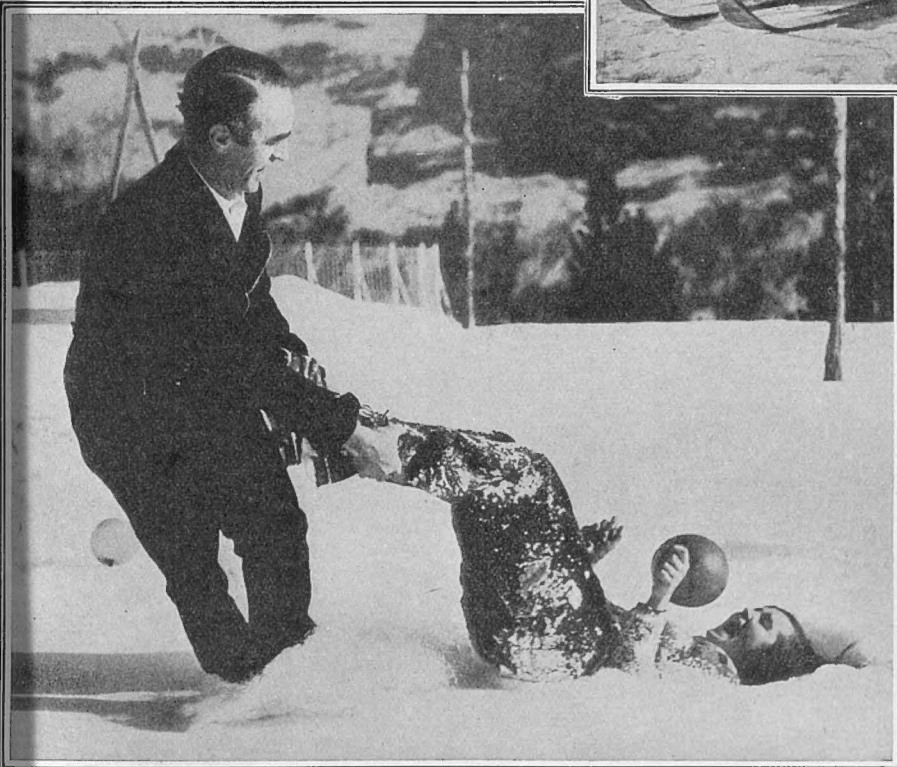
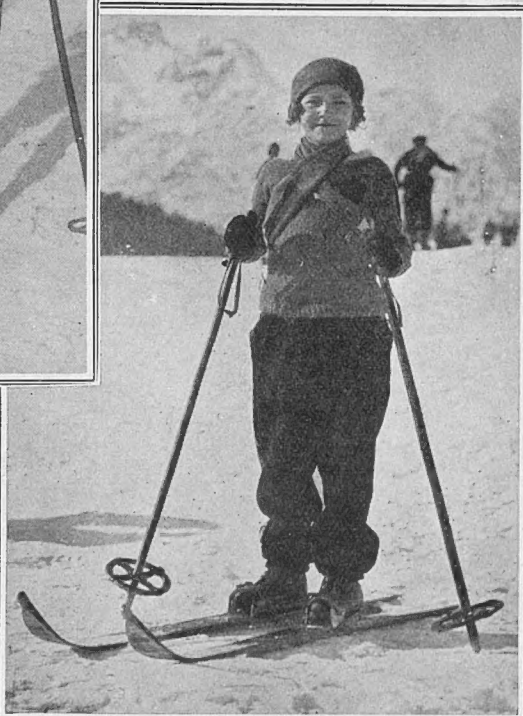
COLONEL AND THE HON. MRS. MELDON

About to negotiate one of Maloja's snow-clad slopes. Mrs. Meldon is Lord Cromwell's younger sister, and married in 1926. Her husband, Lieut.-Colonel Philip Meldon, D.S.O., who used to be in the Royal Artillery, is a son of the late Sir Albert Meldon, and comes from County Wicklow



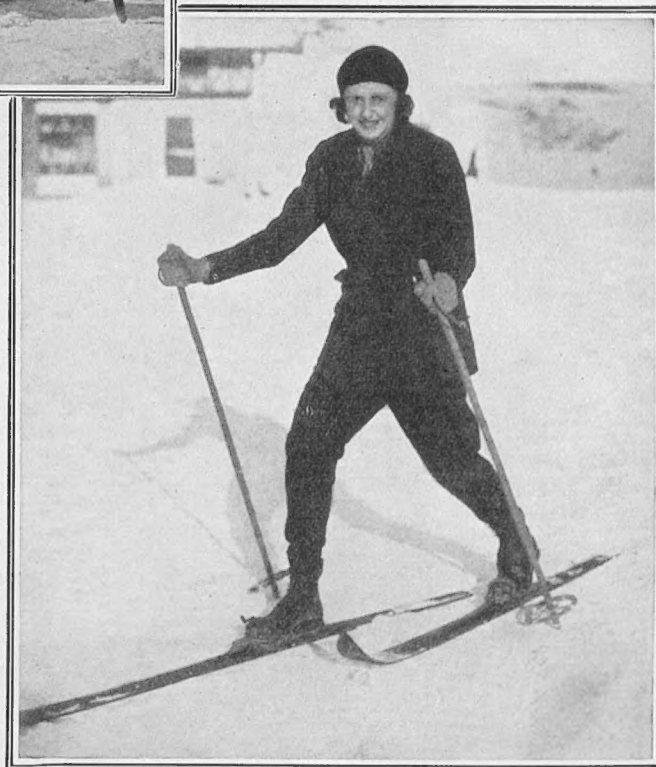
LADY MABEL LUNN AND HER SON AND (left) THE GOVERNOR OF ROME'S YOUNG DAUGHTER

Lady Mabel Lunn and her sons, John (herewith) and Peter, are members of a large family party at Mürren, where the fun is now fast and furious. Lady Mabel is the wife of Mr. Arnold Lunn, and a sister of Lord Iddesleigh



"OH, DADDY!" MR. T. W. WESSEL AND HIS DAUGHTER

Miss "Freddie" Wessel trying a new method of snow progress during Christmas festivities at Mürren, which were of a very amusing order. Mr. Wessel married Lady Churston three years ago, and lives at Little Horwood in Buckinghamshire. The photograph of the pretty little daughter of Prince Boncompagni, Rome's distinguished Governor (above centre), was taken on the nursery slopes at St. Moritz, where quantities of enthusiasts both young and not so young, endeavour to learn how to obtain obedience from their self-willed skis



MRS. EUAN WALLACE AT MALOJA

Sir Edwin Lutyens' second daughter is among the many people unable to resist the lure of Switzerland in winter, and she has found plenty of opportunities for releasing energy at Maloja. Snow sports make an ever bigger appeal, and participants care little or nothing for the possibility of damage attendant on these furious exercises. Even super-skiers sometimes experience severe reverses, but the element of uncertainty adds to the excitement



## FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

## From Leicestershire

The Saturday before Christmas saw the beginning of a better scenting era, and the Cottesmore brought off a good hunt from Stapleford, via Whissendine, to Woodwell Head. Had hounds started on rather better terms they would have run a cracker and caught this fox. We must say in defence of the always extremely neatly-turned-out Barbara that the astonishing black head-dress with a four-inch gallery she was wearing was borrowed, presumably from some clerical gent, to replace her own shattered one. While on the subject of hats, one lady appears to have the mud removed from the brim of hers with a file. Two more wet days and she will have nothing but a skull-cap left.

The Baggrave party in the evening was a master-piece—band, supper, floor—nothing could have been bettered, a fact which accounted for nearly the whole party still going on a double handful at 3 a.m., when the band was whipped off. As sausages and eggs can easily be eaten without music, it was not till some time later that the host and hostess saw the last of us. The best party for a great many years. Let's hope they'll do it again.

From Ashby Folville hounds covered practically the whole of the Friday country, only going very few miles less than "Boy," who lorry-hopped in relays of cars, horse-boxes, and charabancs all over Leicestershire looking for his horses without finding them all day.

On Monday the Quorn met at Radcliffe Hall, the seat of Mr. Lindsay Everard, M.P., and no connection with the Singleton well. An enormous crowd appeared to see H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Just as a fox was found at Walton Thorns another excursion must have arrived from Blackpool, as the place looked like a cup-tie. After threading the crowd hounds hunted well in a big left-handed ring back to Bridgets, in the course of which "Bro" had the bad luck to dislocate his shoulder. From Bridgets they ran well over the best of the Monday country nearly to The Curate. The day finished with a sharp gallop from the Burton Spinneys to Thrussington.

## From the Belvoir

Wednesday, if not a great day's fox-hunting, was a leaper's paradise in the beautiful country round Coston. The bank holiday meet was held in the beginnings of a blizzard, and no one was sorry when hunting was abandoned. Saturday at Hose saw the Prince of Wales and Prince George out for the first time this season.

"Who is the young fella like the Prince of Wales?" inquired a young American.

"That is the Prince of Wales."

"And how," replied he, shifting his Wrigley to the near-side molar, "I'll saay you can't fool me that."

Whether he expected H.R.H. to be wearing a Lock's "best hard hunting crown" with the feathers in the side like pin feathers is not known.

H.R.H. Prince George was unlucky enough to fall shortly after the start and dislocate his shoulder, thus missing the quickest thing we've had this year. Finding at the Thorns the fox made the cardinal error of at once crossing the canal, a manoeuvre which held up the field and allowed hounds to get together and settle. This sealed his doom. For ten minutes, worth ten weeks, they raced on a breast-high scent, eventually

killing their fox—as big as a wolf—in a small covert just over the border. "I do hope they haven't killed one of our South Notts foxes," observed a lady from that country, a remark which, taking things over a period of a year or two, goes to show that humour is not dead, even if unconscious.

The afternoon hunt was a magnificent piece of work, but the morning gallop had hotted up the field into a most unruly state, and the country was too inviting to miss. It is thought from what he said, that Colonel Colman must have noticed this.

Scent seems to be improving, and if it doesn't betoken frost we should be in for a period of better sport.

## From the Beaufort

Monday, alas, started our Christmas week with rather a tragedy. With our meet at Swallets Gate, hounds had a nice little hunt and fast for about twenty-five minutes, and Tom's gallant old horse, Bert, carried him the best and jumped those stiff rails (with a boggy take-off) like a stag, and it was a very sad sight to see the poor old favourite, after carrying him so brilliantly, drop dead in the road. Luckily Tom Newman managed to get off him just in time.

On Tuesday the sport was inferior, a real bad day in every sense, for Beaufortshire, especially when the news came through of the serious hunting accident Lady Apsley had had while hunting with her father-in-law's pack—the V.W.H. Her horse fell on the flat in a rabbit hole, and completely rolled over her and injured her back very badly. She is certainly quite one of our best horsewomen, and equally one of the best when hounds run, and we all wish her a very speedy recovery.

On Wednesday Master hunted the bitch pack at Wickwar, and all the field were entertained at the meet by Captain and Mrs. Gunston. Again an ample supply of foxes, but no sport of any account, only a sharp ten minutes from Yate Common, and then with railways, etc., it all fizzled out.

Thursday being Christmas Day there was no hunting, but a large crowd turned out on Friday, both on foot and mounted, at Dunkirk, to work the Christmas pudding off, and Master gave them all every opportunity of seeing some sport, and didn't seem

to mind how much the foxes were headed, but naturally this is only a privilege allowed on Boxing Day!

With all the children back for their holidays, the party spirit is upon us, and this week there are several going to entertain them, including Mrs. Cannan, Mrs. Lord for her grandchild, and Baron de Tuyll for his nieces. So the young generation aren't going to be dull.

## From the Fernie

Ashby Magna, Monday, brought out a cheerful following of young people on holidays and, together with their elders, they enjoyed the best of sport. Gwen's provided the first thrill, the occupant taking a muddy course into the Willoughby Valley to part with his brush at the finish. Charlie's Gorse also gave us a runner, twenty minutes on a good line to Gilmorton ending also with a kill. Amongst the keen people on foot one observed Mrs. Bill Massey taking on fences aided by her terrier on lead. The *pièce de résistance* came from Peatling Covert later, hounds running all out over the Arnesby-Countesthorpe country until whipped off at dusk. Boxing Day at Harboro' might be

(Continued on p. iv)



WITH THE WHEATLAND: MR. E. L. BURY AND MISS FRANCES PITT, M.F.H.

A snapshot taken when the Wheatland met at Lord Forester's house, Willey Park, near Ironbridge. Miss Frances Pitt's Joint Master is Captain G. C. Wolryche-Whitmore. Miss Frances Pitt, as the world knows, is a great naturalist and the writer of many charming articles in the Press on bird and animal life

# THE INCORPORATED SALES MANAGERS' BANQUET



SOME WHO WERE AT THE GUILDHALL—BY FRED MAY

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was the guest of honour at the annual banquet of the Incorporated Sales Managers' Association of the United Kingdom, and made a very stirring appeal to the assembled chieftains of our big businesses to give British salesmen the chance they deserved. The Association, of which Sir Francis Goodenough is the President, represents the business or profession of salesmanship and sales management. Its chief aim is to increase, by means of an interchange of ideas and issue of information, statistics, etc., the individual efficiency of its members—and through them to bring about a general improvement of selling methods in this country. We have the goods in Britain—the business men are here—there is no need to go abroad for people. It is up to our own business directors to see there is no necessity to engage Portuguese, Swedes, Italians, Greeks, Americans, or any foreigner. Englishmen will prove the best business men—if given the chance





MR. VIVIAN ELLIS

A portrait by the Baroness D'Erlanger of the young English composer of "The Wind in the Willows" and much other charming music. Mr. Vivian Ellis has music in six shows running at the same time—"Follow a Star," "Little Tommy Tucker," "Folly to be Wise," "Stand Up and Sing," "Blue Roses," and "The Song of the Drum"

many millions scattered all over the world. A writer is always said to understand women if he pities them indiscriminately. The husband in this presumably typical instance was a good fellow. Popular wherever he went. As great a favourite among men as he was among women. Only his wife—and the writer's sympathies were all with her—knew the tragedy to her of this popularity. Her husband was so rarely at home. He never stopped behind to make love to her. He left the care of the children entirely in her hands. For eighteen years she had done her duty nobly, saying "don't" incessantly. When the children grew up, however, instead of throwing in their affectionate lot with their mother they began to discover their father, and how very much nicer life was with him than it was at home. The writer shed tears and still more tears over the lot of this pitiful mother—deserted first by her husband and then by her children. Personally I didn't feel pity for her in the least. I know her type. If her husband had been a bad man she might have had a good case against him. But a man who is so beloved by everybody outside his home can't have been a bad man, and, in any case, if he had been a bad husband the children would not have turned instinctively towards him, as against their mother, when they arrived at years of comparative knowledge. "Don't," I should imagine, was at the bottom of all this mother's loneliness. She had said it too often and enjoyed saying it too greatly. Don't, as a habit, is the cause of the break-up of many a home life. Too easily it becomes not a warning against wrong-doing but the crack of a whip by someone who temporarily holds the reins. People get out of other people just the unselfish affection they bestow upon them, and life reflects back our attitude towards it as clearly as any mirror. Only some people don't like the reflection, yet never blame themselves. Men, in general, are only home birds spasmodically. They have to be very deeply in love to return home gladly every evening to nurse the baby and to listen to a description of domestic turmoil. As an animal, man is naturally far more restless than a woman. There is no wife more self-pitying and resentful than the wife who discovers that her husband is jerking at the leading strings of the married state; not necessarily to jerk away from her, as to jerk away from the quiet conventionality in which marriage must flower if it is to flourish. Many a wife, however, can only see the jerk-away as a revolt against herself. Hence so many of those dreary discussions about sex-inequalities which always lead nowhere and never mean anything, if you except the anger of some symbolical Portia furious because she cannot be a judge. Love, with personal freedom, is the ideal state, which, I sometimes believe, is the reason why the "wild women" have such an extensive following—of a sort.

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

### One Outstanding Story.

I HAVE just been reading such a silly article. I think it must have been written by a well-known writer as a sop to all those self-righteous feminine martyrs who are married to husbands and are, in their own mind, tragically undervalued by them. Of which martyrs there are of course

They demand no ties. And ties, unless they are voluntary ties, are always irksome. Only, of course, if they be voluntary, then they are not to be recognized as ties at all. In a quite a remarkable novel I have just been reading—"The River" (Bles. 7s. 6d.), by Tristram Tupper; there is one of the most vivid and realistic character-studies of a "wild woman" I have ever read. To a certain extent she was as primitive as Nature herself. She was not immoral, but she demanded freedom, and so she had the reputation of immorality tacked on to her. Such women, if they are to keep the reader's sympathy are very difficult to draw, but Tristram Tupper has succeeded, and Rosalee of "The River" is one of the most uncommon, yet fascinating heroines I have met for a long time. This story—I count it among the most outstanding novels of the present publishing season—is a story of a youth's romantic love for a woman who lives on the banks of a lonely American river. Across the river a bridge is being built, amid forests, far away from civilization as it is known by cities and towns. Life is primitive on the banks of this river. Engineers, labourers, and a few women form the vagrant population. Passions run high. Moreover, the remarkable thing is that the author has kept the rough, brutal exterior while writing a romance of youth which is as chaste as youth itself; yet as passionate, as unthinking, as comic, and as tragic as all first loves are. Dip where you will in this story you will find beauty. You will find it even amid the roughness of those men who live by the labour of their hands alone. The virility of "uncivilized" places remains, while at the same time there runs through the book a romance, deep and pitiful, of the love of a youth for a woman older and more experienced, who knows how wrong it would be to return that love. Poor Rosalee! While she loved the boy she was cruel only to be kind. When she had ceased to love him, or rather, when she wanted finally to cure him of his love, her unkindness was the greatest cruelty of all. "The River" is a most original story. A story of immense power and a very definite poetical beauty.

### Russia in Disruption.

The more one reads of the latter days of Imperial Russia the more one realizes that what happened there was inevitable under the circumstances, though the means whereby the change took place were once again a triumph of blood-lust and ignorance, as all revolutions are. In "The Fourth Seal" (Heinemann. 15s.), in which Sir Samuel Hoare tells us of his experiences as Chief of the British Intelligence Mission attached to the Russian General Staff, he draws a hopeless picture of the rotten state into which the Court and the Government had sunk previous to the first revolution. The Government was no Government at all. The Court tried to govern, yet was separated from the nation by hundreds of years of out-worn Imperial rule, a mass

(Continued on p. 12)



AT CAP FERRAT: MISS POPPET JOHN, MISS McNAMARA, AND MISS VIVIAN JOHN

At Sir James and Lady Dunn's beautiful villa at Cap Ferrat. Miss Poppet John, whose wedding to Mr. Derek Jackson will take place in March, and Miss Vivian John are the daughters of the famous artist, Mr. Augustus John

## STYMIED !

By George Belcher



"If I says yes, I'm wrong; if I says no, I'm wrong; and if I says nothin', she just plays 'ell. I tell yer, Mr. Baldwin's life is a bloomin' picnic compared to mine"



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

of intrigue, corruption, and self-seeking. At the head an honourable, well-meaning Tsar, an honourable well-meaning Tsarina; both, however, temperamentally unsuited to the grave position in which Russia found herself two years after the beginning of the War. "The Dark Forces"—that mysterious unseen power which seemed deliberately to thwart every effort to bring order out of chaos, of honest, honourable dealing out of corruption and tragic self-satisfaction, and of which Dark Force Rasputin was supposed to be the central figure—permeating everything, until the attitude of defeatism brought about its own dreadful Nemesis. The story of Russia during those terrible and tragic years is told by Sir Samuel so vividly that one gets a clearer picture of what actually took place there, and why, than in many a volume of sheer propaganda disguised as facts.

It is the true story as related by someone who lived through it, yet, by the circumstances of his nationality and position, stood outside it—stood outside to watch. And once again the well-meaning sacrificed on the altar of their own weakness; the real culprits meeting their fate only, as it were, by accident. I should imagine that the writer's estimate of the Tsar's character is both just as well as correct. It was written after the author's amazement at discovering how in the midst of the general chaos, and when it would appear as if Sazanov could at least bring patriotic unselfishness into the Government's affairs, he was as suddenly dismissed office for the sake of Sturmer, old and already discredited. "Some said that the Emperor was heartless," he writes: "Yet, it is beyond doubt that he was the most affectionate father and husband. Others called him a coward. But cowards do not face death as he faced it. If the impression that he made on me is any guide to his baffling character, I would say that his was one of those over-sensitive and self-conscious personalities that create around them an atmosphere of doubt and hesitation. Characters such as those fail to inspire friendship, and often excite suspicion and dislike. Dilatory for long periods, at times they become unaccountably rash. Even their best actions are misunderstood. Having neither the strength to impose their will, nor the singleness of purpose to carry out their good intentions, they are trusted by no one, and hated by not a few." Sir Samuel's account of the pompous arrival and ignominious failure of the much-heralded Allied Mission is most amusing to read, and would be more amusing still were it not so typical of all Governments' insatiable belief in Missions and Committees and other expensive futilities at the tax-payers' expense; and as a tax-payer one can't laugh long at the idiocy of Governments. Russia, however, defeated herself, rather than was defeated. Her rottenness might perhaps have gone on for another generation without revealing its effete state. The War however precipitated matters, and the whole anachronism which was Imperial Russia and Russian so-called Government collapsed like a pack of cards. And in this

collapse, so vividly related by the writer, the finest men and women were, of course, sacrificed, as well as the vilest, at the hands of that blood-lust and ignorance of which the Bolsheviks proved themselves yet another shining historical example. The murder of the saint-like Grand Duchess Serge; the murder of that finer sailor Admiral Koltchak, and that splendid Englishman, Captain Cromie—one of the real heroes of the War—and the triumph of human brutality, human ignorance, human greed, form once again a picture of mass-triumph in its most cruel blindness. From beginning to end, "The Fourth Seal" is an absorbing book. It lifts the veil on many mysterious happenings which took place in Russia during those years when only now the truth is gradually percolating through to the world at large.

\* \*

## Things Have Come to a Pass.

The authoress of "Ex-Wife," that novel which had a certain vogue some time ago, has given us yet another hectic romance in "Strangers May Kiss" (Shaylor. 7s. 6d.). But, really, this rather gross kind of naughty novel, however powerfully written, is terribly *démodé*. We have got so tired of drunken characters and heroines who seek to justify their promiscuity. The breath of half the American people may smell horribly of doctored whisky, and petting parties may be an acknowledged part of a modern youth's and maiden's education, but the first shock of both has vanished, and, in place of the thrill of what was once a dreadful novelty, a certain nausea has set in. We have had more than enough of that. "Strangers May Kiss," however, once again goes the whole measure. One feels, however, that the heroine, Lisbeth, might have been charming had not her creator insisted upon her being so terribly and vulgarly modern. It was counted unto her as virtue that she was not half-drunk too often. It was accounted unto her for chastity that more or less she kept herself for a married man. Still, she

was ever so much better in both particulars than her friends. These had no reticences at all. Stephen, the man whom Lisbeth eventually married was so often intoxicated that his wife scarcely troubled to note that he was drunk again. Meanwhile, the married man—foreign correspondent to an American newspaper and consequently more often abroad than at home—had obtained a divorce from his wife and so was free to marry Lisbeth. Lisbeth, however, had married quite casually the drunkard in between her lover's last visit. Fate set her free nevertheless.

## UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

Hodder and Stoughton.



Lost Child (to policeman): Please, have you seen a lady wivout a little girl?  
Cos I'm the little girl!

# GOING TO THE PLAY? GO TO THESE!



OUR LEARNED FRIEND, HUGH DELAFIELD (MR. TOM WALLS),  
IN "MARRY THE GIRL" AT THE ALDWYCH

Stage Photo Co.



MR. RALPH LYNN AND  
MISS MARY BROUGH

Stage Photo Co.

One of the best after Christmas and New Year pick-me-ups is "Marry the Girl," at that well-known emporium of merriment, the Aldwych. Three of the leading performers are hung in this gallery, the counsel in the breach of promise case, the wretched, and of course wicked defendant (Mr. Ralph Lynn), and his all-but mamma-in-law (Miss Mary Brough). In the picture the defendant is seen trying to induce Mrs. Chattaway to return certain incriminating documentary evidence. The lady's expression is eloquent of the kind of celluloid cat's chance he has. Mlle. Delysia makes every ounce of use of the material supplied by "A Pair of Trousers," at the Criterion, and scores a great personal success



AND TWO OF ALICE DELYSIA IN "A PAIR OF TROUSERS"

Sasha



Sasha





BRITISH AIRMEN IN AMERICA

A group taken at Mitchel Field, Long Island. The British Air Attaché at Washington, Wing-Commander J. Twissleton-Fiennes, of the Royal Air Force, and Squadron-Leader L. Ferrier, of the Royal Canadian Air Force, were among distinguished foreign visitors to Mitchel Field, where they made an inspection of the post before proceeding on a tour of other fields and airplane factories in the States. The names, left to right, are: Lieutenant August Kissner, who escorted the visitors, Wing-Commander Twissleton-Fiennes, Lieutenant Christy Mathewson, Jr., and Squadron-Leader Ferrier. The machine behind them is a Curtiss Falcon biplane

Merrie Martlesham.

MUCH experience of the vagaries of aeronautical designers and of the threshing-machines volant they sometimes produce, has led the officers of Martlesham Heath, the chief testing station of the Royal Air Force, to adopt the maxim: "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we fly." Though a constructor may present to the pilots of Martlesham an apparatus as streamlined as the Taj Mahal and able to fly about as well as a short length of gas piping, yet they bear him no malice; on the contrary they welcome him with flowing bowl. So it is that the Martlesham Constructors' Dinner is the one event of the year which members of the aircraft industry will drive miles on the coldest night to attend. The horrors of continuous rain and mud, the charge of the terrestrial charabanc, that bulging brontosaurus of the beryllium age could not prevent people from what the films, with their genius for the exactly wrong expression, call "fightin' thru" to Ipswich and Felixstowe and appearing at the dinner. It was a superb feast, and the speeches afterwards were better even than the turkey stuffing (which was very good). Group-Captain Rees presided and Mr. C. R. Fairey's deep organ voice, proceeding from its six-foot-two white-waistcoated diapason, played rhetorical music and verbal cadenzas (*allegro brioso*) with terrific virtuosity. Mr. Handley Page spoke later and distilled the essence of irony in his best manner. His assumption of the exaggeratedly disinterested attitude, his use of the too-lofty phrase and the over-grand sonority, were at once an entertainment and a criticism, for nothing reveals the nothingness of the politicians' platitudes better than a slight over-emphasis, a shade too much of the lofty and the noble, a faint excess of patriotic protestation. After that it will be impossible to listen to our Ministers without laughing.

We also had Mr. John Lord, than whom none can be more lushly Lancastrian, Air-Commodore Vesey Holt, Mr. C. G. Grey, and Sir John Higgins. But if those heard were sweet, those unheard were sweeter, or at any rate as sweet. Sir Alliott V. Roe, Mr. Irvin, Mr. Walker, and, on my left hand, Mr. H. L. Stevens, and, of course, Squadron-Leader McKenna, who has shepherded more different aeroplanes from infancy to either fame or the scrap-heap than any other living person, for he has been at Martlesham since it began to be. The dinner and its accessories was in the true line and tradition of Martlesham hospitality, than which no more can be said.

Leicester and Hanworth.

The Leicestershire Aero Club is happy in its president, Mr. W. Lindsay Everard, and it is largely through his efforts that it has been able to show so good a result of the first year's work. Actually, although there has been no subsidy over this

# AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

period, the club has made a small profit. An agreement between the club and the president of the Air Council has been made, and now the club is among those receiving Government subsidies. The subsidy is retrospective and starts from April 1. (The club was formed on April 5, 1929.) During the year spoken of in the report just issued 1,024 instruction flights were given and 2,579 other flights. Mr. Lindsay Everard's private Gipsy Moth and his Puss Moth, christened respectively "The Foxhound" and "The Leicestershire Fox," have been available for use by the club. Mrs. Lindsay Everard has also helped in many ways. The club now takes its place as one of the best in the country. It made a quick start, and has taken surprisingly little time to attain an established position. No doubt there will be troubles and difficulties to face in the future, but that they will be overcome can be doubted by no one who has watched the way the club has progressed so far.

Hanworth is now keeping two ponies available for members. The notice which was circulated to members states that they are both perfectly quiet, so that there need be no fear of an uncontrollable condition of auto-rotation setting in suddenly. The notice omits to state whether the ponies are fitted with slots or not. Hanworth is moving in the right direction in its flying activities as well as its club-house activities. When the fine weather comes it will be difficult to get in there for the combination of a good aerodrome and pleasant surroundings is still none too common round London.

Gliding.

Hanworth is also forming a gliding section. Sir Gilbert Walker lectured on this subject before the London Gliding Club in the library of the Royal Aeronautical Society the other day. He said that when taking off one could see the birds had to flap their way up to about 50 to 150 ft., and then the higher they rose the greater became the help they obtained from the uprising currents of air, until finally they were able to soar without flapping at all and at greater heights on a really hot, clear day they could be seen soaring without a movement of their wings for the whole day. On overcast days, when the uprising currents were not so strong, only kites and similar birds were to be seen, while the larger ones, after one or two attempts, would retire to their trees again. Sir Gilbert showed during the lecture a number of slides including some of birds like the golden eagle in Scotland, with its wing tip feathers, which perform, so Sir Gilbert said, the same function as slots perform in aeroplanes.



F. King &amp; Co

MR. ROBERT BLACKBURN AND  
MR. H. T. VANE

Two celebrities in the world of aviation. Mr. Blackburn is the head of the Blackburn Aviation Company and Mr. H. T. Vane is the managing director of D. Napier and Sons, makers of the famous engine which has won the Schneider Cup for Great Britain on more than one occasion as well as the land and water speed records

# THE "TOC H" BALL AT THE SHIRE HALL, WARWICK



*Walden Hammond*

## THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK AND (Inset above) WITH THE REV. H. GIBBS

The Countess of Warwick is Mayor of that town for the second year in succession, a happening which has given the greatest possible satisfaction, and the big picture shows her in her robes of office. The smaller picture was taken at the ball in aid of Toc H, which Lady Warwick organized, and which was held in the Shire Hall. At the request of the Prince of Wales Lady Warwick is conducting a campaign in the county, and particularly in Birmingham, in aid of the Toc H movement, and is meeting with very considerable success



## PRISCILLA IN PARIS

**T**RÈS CHER,—Now that the short but tempestuous period, known here as "*les fêtes*" (!?), is over, let us enquire tenderly about each other's health. Have you survived? I have but only "just," and, like the sewing-woman of a famous slush poem, I feel somewhat "weary and worn!" I have the right to be. Not only have all the usual festive waves broken over my head, but I have had three other problems to struggle with. The first and, of course, most sensational: a new play by Henry Bernstein at the Gymnase. The second (sensational only to myself): the first upheavals of my forthcoming "move" from Auteuil to the faubourg St. Germain. The third: a request to review a new novel, "*Jam To-day*," by Marjorie Firminger, that has been published in Paris because the British Isles could not produce a publisher with viscera enough to undertake the job, or printing presses strong enough not to melt under the strain. Add to this a hint of "grippe," and that malady's usual temperature, and you will sympathize with me when I tell you that I have also the above-mentioned sewing-woman's eyelids, which were "heavy and red." A pleasing picture. At all events it permits me to add that anything written here below which does not please must be considered with a certain amount of sympathy for my feverish condition.

Bernstein's play, *Le Jour*—in three acts and sixteen tableaux—at the Gymnase, is the outstanding dramatic work of the year. I am beginning to think, however, that this great dramatist's two latest works—like Proust's novels—are more enjoyable realized in retrospect as an almost overwhelming "whole" than "while taking." Putting aside the marvellously perfect acting that Bernstein always manages to exact from his company, the beauty (as well as the tact and the subtlety) of his *mise-en-scène* in which Mme. Henry Bernstein so brilliantly collaborates with her husband, the incisive dialogue and the countless touches that make a Bernstein production the greatest event that the theatrical world holds, I find myself strangely on the defensive as the play progresses.

I am interested in every scene, in every moment, and every phase, but I do not always see their utility and it is only long after the curtain has fallen for the last time, that the tall, pale-faced author, summoned before the footlights by hundreds of yelling enthusiasts, has bowed his thanks, and that I have worked my car out of the throng and found my way home, that I begin to understand the why and wherefore of this, that, and the other. And yet I do not believe I have an unusually slow brain. Nevertheless, I am no longer sure whether I have seen a play or whether I have been reading a powerful novel that my vivid imagination has peopled with human puppets. A most bewildering sensation I assure you.

So many eminent critics have told the world, *vide* the daily Parisian press, that *Le Jour* is a modern version of *Hamlet*, that I need not repeat the fact. But our moody Dane, who has become a moody Lyonese, no longer drives his Ophelia to the nunnery and the watery grave. He marries her and thus: *le jour*. Dawn and sunlight, love and paternity, break through his tormented and tormenting ego. (Oh, the inadequacy of this short synopsis.) People like to say that Bernstein now gives us "cinematographic" plays. (Sixteen tableaux! Certainly I see the critics' point—or points!) I agree, but only for the following reason: I have rarely wanted to see a modern play, even one that I have thoroughly enjoyed, more than once. On the other hand, certain films, such as *White Shadows*, I have seen three or four times. I know that I shall go to see *Le Jour* over and over again, and that I shall enjoy it more and more each time. This may be bad criticism, but it's damn good—and honest—flattery. Can I say more?



DONNA DIANA PIERCY-THEODOLI

Max

One of the most beautiful and best-known women in Roman Society, who is shortly to be married to His Excellency Signor Bordonaro, the Italian Ambassador in London

And now about Marjorie Firminger's book (published by the Vendôme Press, 338, rue St. Honoré). It reminds me of the following, told me recently by a Particularly Bright Brat. "When I go to a dope party in a strange house," quoth she, "I always find out first where the bath-room is!" I suggest, Très-Cher, that if you read "*Jam To-day*" you read it with the door of the bath-room in sight! Miss Firminger's "*Jam*" may turn your stummick and it may not. Personally mine remained put . . . but I'm a hardened case, was brought up on yellow-backs, so to speak. Indeed I chuckled often and long! But my word this wench is a brave lassie. Will she ever dare go home? I imagine all the "extraordinary women" of London lining up on the white cliffs of Dover to brain her as she lands! And it will take some doing for she has brains galore . . . even if she *has* smutted them up a bit . . . and only out of youthful cussedness I expect really! With love, Très Cher.—PRISCILLA.

The new Southern Railway Dock Extension Scheme at Southampton is being undertaken with the object of providing an additional 15,500 ft. of quays. The

site of this extension is to the west of the present docks, where 400 acres of the muddy foreshore of the river Test, two miles in length, will be reclaimed. The reclaimed area will necessitate a quay wall, 7,000 ft. long, being constructed, and this will enable an additional jetty to be provided at right angles to the existing one, 5,000 ft. long and 400 ft. wide, with berths on both sides, if still more room is required at some later date. The quays will be furnished with up-to-date equipment and commodious passenger and cargo sheds, and rail communication with the main line system will be provided both at the western and eastern extremities of the new docks.

## THE MARCHESA MARCONI AND HER DAUGHTER



THE MARCHESA MARCONI  
AND HER BABY

All these interesting and intimate pictures of the beautiful wife of the famous inventor and their little daughter, who was born last July, were taken at the Villa Odescalchi at Civita Vecchia, the ancient port of Rome, founded by Trajan. It is a fourteenth-century building and stands on the cliffs which overhang the sea and is surrounded by a belt of pine trees, an idyllic setting. The Marchesa before her marriage to the Marchese Marconi in 1927 was the Contessa Maria Cristina Bezzi-Scali. When the Marchese is not busy devising new wonders to startle the world his favourite relaxations are fox-hunting and yachting. He is the owner of the S.Y. "Elettra"

Photographs by Eva Barrett, Rome



ON THE TERRACE AT ODESCALCHI



BEDTIME FOR TWO!



## FRESH AS PAINT

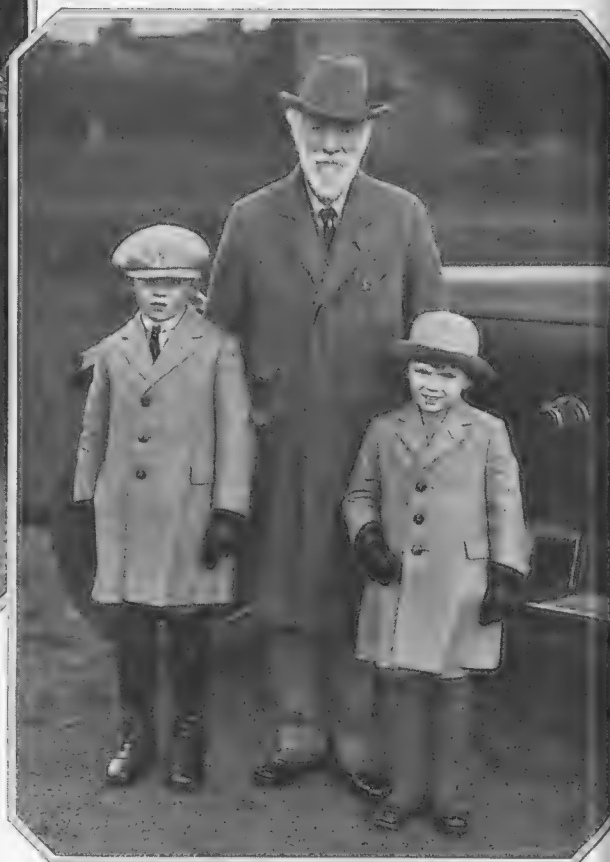
In Spite of Hunt Balls



LORD DUNGLASS, LADY BRIDGET HOME, AND COLONEL THE HON. H. JOICEY

The above group was taken when the Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds met at Kelso where a few hours previously the Hunt Ball had been held. Lord Dunglass and his sister are the son and daughter of the 13th Earl of Home. Colonel Hugh Joicey is the younger son of Lord Joicey

Lord Joicey (on the right) is seen at his home, Ford Castle, near Berwick-on-Tweed, with David and Michael, Colonel Hugh Joicey's sons. The occasion was an after-the-ball meet of the North Northumberland Hounds, which attracted a very big crowd. Though Lord Joicey is eighty-four he is full of energy

LORD JOICEY  
AND HIS  
GRANDSONS

MISS MONICA LAMBTON, MISS BARBARA LAMBTON, AND LADY RACHEL HOME

AT FORD CASTLE: MISS ANNETTE USHER,  
MASTER OF THE NORTH NORTHUMBERLAND

Miss Annette Usher (left) took over the Mastership of the North Northumberland in 1929 and is proving a great success. Colonel the Hon. Hugh Joicey had these hounds for seven seasons and was succeeded by Mr. A. Hall Watt

The group on the extreme left was also taken at Ford Castle. Miss Monica Lambton, who is a cousin both of Miss Barbara Lambton and of Lady Rachel Home, is the daughter of the late Mr. Geoffrey Lambton

Photographs  
by Ian Smith



ST. MORITZ BY NIGHT



Right—MR. I. K. MUNRO  
WINNER OF THE STRANG-  
WATKINS CUP



DOWN FOR A DUCAT: MISS BEATRICE LILLIE

When the snow is good and hard, as it is at the moment all over Switzerland, the heart of the skier rejoices and all the people in this page are excellent corroborative testimony to the assertion. They were all taken at either Mürren or St. Moritz. Mr. I. K. Munro actually during the race for the Strang-Watkins Cup at Mürren, which he won. Miss Beatrice Lillie (Lady Peel) was at St. Moritz when they turned the camera on to her at a moment when she was not exactly expecting it, and Mrs. Wessel, who was formerly Lady Churston, is with her three pretty daughters. The late Lord Churston died last year and was succeeded by his son. There is also a younger son, the Hon. John Yarde-Buller. The eldest daughter married Mr. Loel Guinness in 1927



AT MÜRREN: THE HON. LYDIA YARDE-BULLER, MRS. T. WESSEL, THE  
HON. PRIMROSE AND THE HON. DENISE YARDE-BULLER



# THE PASSING

Wallenda climbed on his shoulders until her head seemed lost in the dome of Olympia, one forgot the crick in one's neck and thought only of the sinking feeling lower down. In the ring a posse of attendants and Boy Scouts stood by with a tarpaulin as one who would catch a falling aeroplane with a butterfly-net. Thank heavens there was no fall; only a feeling of devout relief when the Wallenda family came down to earth.

That was not the only time the heart stood still. Mr. Albert Powell, from America, climbed up to his trapeze at the very moment when the bars for the tiger that rides a horse and Maximilian's lions were being prodded and pushed into position. That was nice of him, for it took our minds off the bars, which never look strong enough, and bridged a gap in the proceedings, which up till then had gone with the regularity of clockwork and the speed of an express train. So much so that the clowns, headed by Whimsical Walker, that stripling of eighty-one, were hardly given a chance to get into their stride. In the old days the ring-master suffered a good deal of interference from the Joeys as part of the regulation business. Nowadays they must play to the watch and the whistle. One cannot blame them for ske-daddling without delay. If you are a modern clown on stilts 20 ft. high, or just an old-fashioned dwarf standing no higher than the ringside, it is inexpedient to ignore the referee. In less time than it takes a sea-lion to swallow a sprat one is liable to be trampled on by a troupe of Mr. Willy Schumann's superb Liberty horses or swept off one's feet by a battalion of Arab tumblers.

Clowns, clowns, clowns! Headed, of course, by Whimsical Walker, who is eighty-one and growing younger. Fat clowns, thin clowns, French clowns, dwarf clowns, clowns on colossal stilts, clowns with every kind of nose from snub to aquiline, clowns with electric optics and hair that moves when the right string is pulled, and somewhere in the mêlée Father Christmas himself, the very spirit of yet another grand and glorious Olympia Circus

"If you can keep your head while all about you are losing theirs . . ." There are moments at Olympia when whole families in the ring-side seats must resist the temptation to spring into the arena and bury their heads in the sand. True, Mr. Bertram W. Mills might smooth over the contretemps by announcing "Oswald's Ostriches" as an extra turn, but the wiser course is to sit tight, hold Aunt Hetty's hand and confound Newton's theory of falling bodies by the sheer efficacy of silent prayer. The Wallendas probably know their Kipling because circus-people have the oddest hobbies in their spare moments. One can almost take it for granted that the lion-tamer has a flair for fretwork, the Chinese acrobats are keen philatelists, and the Scandinavian contortionist has a passion for cricket and Beethoven. The Wallendas are just the kind of people to be nervous of mice and decline to travel in a 'bus in case something runs into it. But put them on a wire fifty feet in the air, give them a bicycle, a few balancing-poles and a chair, and they are just as normal as anyone else.

It was bad enough when one Wallenda balanced his chair on a pole supported on the shoulders of his two companions and then sat on it. But when Miss



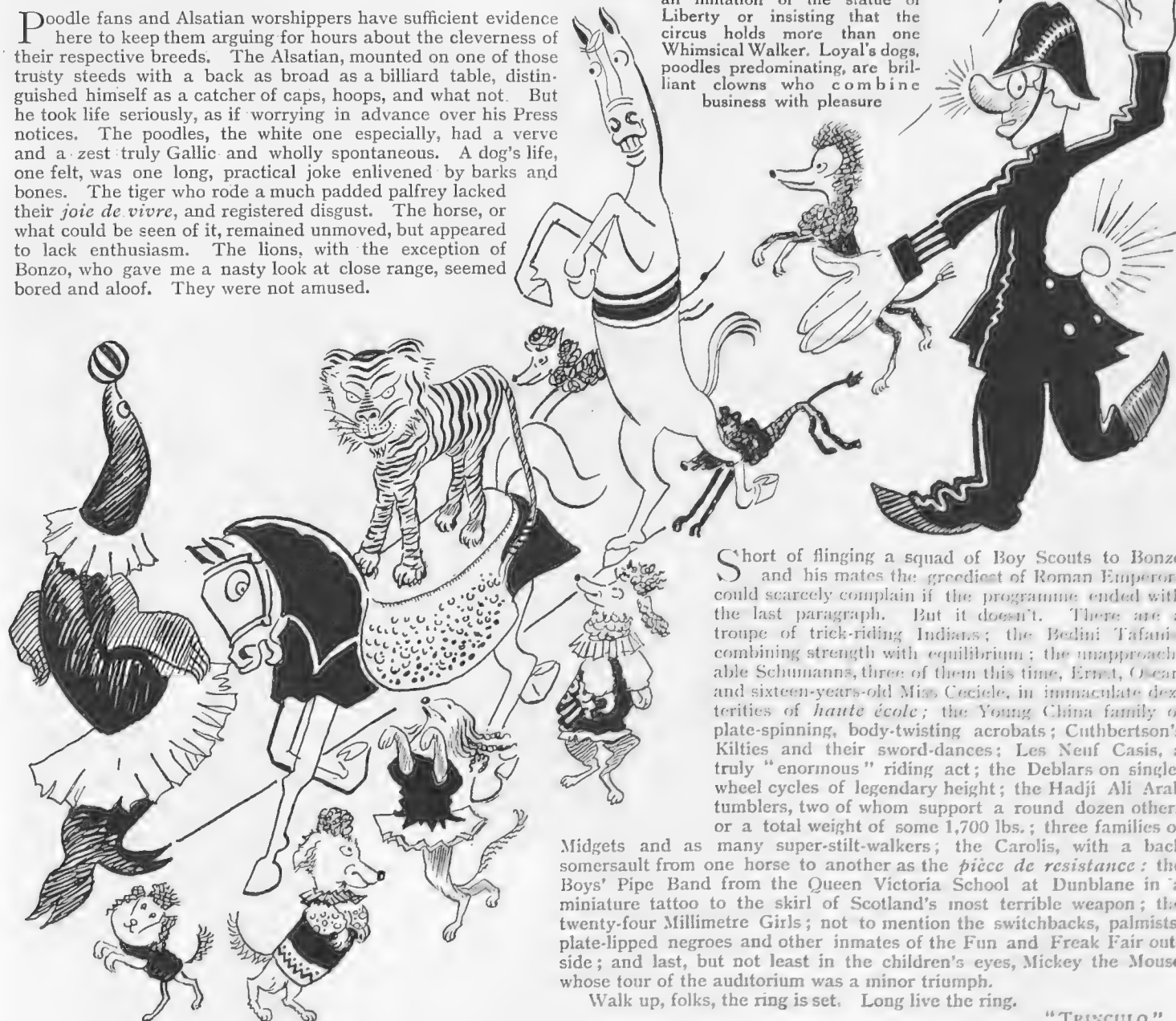
# SHOWS : *The Circus at Olympia*

Every year I go to the circus, and every year I say with hand on heart that Mr. Mills has surpassed himself. I repeat the formula for the *n*th time in 1931, adding the normal rider that here under "the big dome" are three crowded hours of fun and thrills guaranteed to cast a spell on all properly brought up children from six to sixty. From the grand procession, with Santa Claus bringing up the rear in his illuminated sleigh, to the final tit-bit of Maximilian's nicely-behaved lions, Mr. Mills dispenses prodigality and variety with a fine sweep. It is all magnificently efficient and bewildering. Who shall say whether the human comedians raised more mirth than their four-footed-colleagues? The Four Bronetts wallowing in broken eggs and pails of water (not quite cold I hope) gave the bipeds a useful start. The Charlie Chaplin member of the Casis riding troupe brought down the house by the homely stratagem of bringing down his trousers. The clowns with their electric eyes, moving wigs, giants' heads, and other comic addenda lured the children from gasps to giggles.

But on the whole victory was with the quadrupeds. Few musical jugglers can boast a keener sense of humour than Captain Tiebor's sea lions. A brace of these obliging jokers played tunes on a row of trumpets and walked the tight-rope on one flipper, carrying a ball on the end of their noses. The juniors lay down at suitable moments and applauded vigorously while the infants supported the Eat-more-Fish movement with sounds of stertorous approval. An excellent turn, followed by the Unrideable Mule and his would-be riders, and that happy band of buffoons, Loyal's dogs.

Poodle fans and Alsatian worshippers have sufficient evidence here to keep them arguing for hours about the cleverness of their respective breeds. The Alsatian, mounted on one of those trusty steeds with a back as broad as a billiard table, distinguished himself as a catcher of caps, hoops, and what not. But he took life seriously, as if worrying in advance over his Press notices. The poodles, the white one especially, had a verve and a zest truly Gallic and wholly spontaneous. A dog's life, one felt, was one long, practical joke enlivened by barks and bones. The tiger who rode a much padded palfrey lacked their *joie de vivre*, and registered disgust. The horse, or what could be seen of it, remained unmoved, but appeared to lack enthusiasm. The lions, with the exception of Bonzo, who gave me a nasty look at close range, seemed bored and aloof. They were not amused.

Here come the four-footed comedians, two of Maximilian's lions doing their best to wear a smile, while the wittiest of Captain Tiebor's captivating sea-lions leads the procession, humour oozing from every flipper. Whether the horse who supports the tiger or the tiger who condescends to ride the horse think Olympia quite so joy-making is a point for discussion. One of Mr. Schumann's numerous Liberty horses is either giving an imitation of the statue of Liberty or insisting that the circus holds more than one Whimsical Walker. Loyal's dogs, poodles predominating, are brilliant clowns who combine business with pleasure



Short of flinging a squad of Boy Scouts to Bonzo and his mates the greediest of Roman Emperors could scarcely complain if the programme ended with the last paragraph. But it doesn't. There are a troupe of trick-riding Indians; the Bedini Tafari, combining strength with equilibrium; the unapproachable Schumanns, three of them this time, Ernst, Oscar, and sixteen-years-old Miss Cecile, in immaculate dexterities of *haute école*; the Young China family of plate-spinning, body-twisting acrobats; Cuthbertson's Kilties and their sword-dances; Les Neuf Casis, a truly "enormous" riding act; the Deblars on single-wheel cycles of legendary height; the Hadji Ali Arab tumblers, two of whom support a round dozen others or a total weight of some 1,700 lbs.; three families of

Midgets and as many super-stilt-walkers; the Carolis, with a back somersault from one horse to another as the *pièce de résistance*; the Boys' Pipe Band from the Queen Victoria School at Dunblane in a miniature tattoo to the skirl of Scotland's most terrible weapon; the twenty-four Millimetre Girls; not to mention the switchbacks, palmists, plate-lipped negroes and other inmates of the Fun and Freak Fair outside; and last, but not least in the children's eyes, Mickey the Mouse whose tour of the auditorium was a minor triumph.

Walk up, folks, the ring is set. Long live the ring.

"TRINCULO."



## LOOKING ON AT CHELTENHAM



MR. LLOYD, THE HON. JOHN COVENTRY,  
AND THE HON. MRS. BASIL HILL-WOOD



THE HON. MRS. HENRY YORKE  
AND THE HON. NANCY MITFORD



TALKING ABOUT RACING: MR. STANLEY  
HOWARD AND MRS. WITHINGTON



LADY MARY LYGON AND  
MISS DIANA COVENTRY



MRS. WESTMACOTT AND  
MRS. KEITH MENZIES



PADDOCK PERSONALIA: MRS. MAURICE  
KINGSCOTE WITH MRS. THOMPSON

Quite an interesting afternoon's racing rewarded those people who went to Cheltenham for its one-day meeting last week. There were thirteen runners for the four miles Stayers' Steeplechase, and of these ten finished. Aspirant, one of the lightweights, won the race for Mr. C. S. Green, with Suckley second and Maroon Gun third. The two Americans, Mr. A. C. Bostwick and Mr. G. Bostwick, finished first and second, respectively, in the Amateur Riders' Hurdle. Among those looking on were Lord Coventry's brother, Sir Samuel Hill-Wood's daughter-in-law, and Mrs. Henry Yorke, who was the Hon. Adèle Biddulph until 1929. Miss Nancy Mitford is the eldest of Lord and Lady Redesdale's family of six daughters and one son, and Mrs Keith Menzies is Sir Humphrey de Trafford's sister. It will be observed that fur coats adorned most of the feminine supporters of the day's sport, but "shoeing" showed more variety. Some feet, as for instance Miss Diana Coventry's, had the thinnest possible coverings; others, perhaps more wisely, wore Newmarkets





## Song of the New Year.

Oh I shall dress  
From top to toe,  
All in honour of the  
New Year O!

They! for a frock  
So neat and new!  
A gay new hat,  
A fine new shoe!

In the latest style  
I'll do my hair,  
And new silk stockings  
I shall wear --

For I must dress  
From top to toe,  
All in honour of the New Year O!

Yet lest I seem

Too new, you see, --  
I'm glad to think  
There's no new ME!

## THE INCONSTANT NYMPH

By A. K. Macdonald





## THE HURLINGHAM CUP FINAL

An impression of the battle between the Santa Luis and Las Rosas teams at "Hurlingham," Buenos Aires, which Santa all throughout. The approaching visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in connection with the big Exhibition in Buenos Aires will move about on the



AT HURLINGHAM, BUENOS AIRES

K. Elcock

won. This is played at the height of the season in October. Twenty-three teams entered, and it was a hard-and-fast battle  
 es will be connected with a good many polo and other sporting fixtures in this land of the horse, where almost more people  
 e legs than on two



## A PYTCHLEY IMPRESSION



COLONEL J. G. LOWTHER, D.S.O., M.C., M.F.H., MRS. LITTLE, MR. ROMER-WILLIAMS,  
COLONEL MIDDLETON, MR. FRANK BELLVILLE, AND MR. JIM CROSS

The senior Joint Master and some of the field of the famous white-collar hunt, whose masters and hunt servants wear the dark claret coats, the colours of the livery of the Spencer family, whose name spells Pytchley. Lord Spencer (1750) was the first Pytchley Master. Colonel Lowther's Joint Master is Mr. Ronald Tree, and between them they make a huge success, particularly where wire is concerned, for it is true to say that anyone can jump almost anywhere nowadays



## OVER "THE POND"



"THE DEVIL TO PAY": WITH RONALD COLMAN AND LORETTA YOUNG

'The Devil to Pay' is a film story which Frederick Lonsdale, the famous playwright, specially wrote to fit Ronald Colman, and this object, they say, has been magnificently achieved. Loretta Young, who is the leading lady in the film, is one of America's rapidly rising stars. Marjorie Moss and Georges Fontana are very well known in London and all over the Continent, but the picture in this page was taken when they were giving an exhibition dance at the Lido Club, in New York, a favourite haunt of the Social Register aristocracy. They will appear in a cabaret show which is being organized by Mr. Victor Emanuel, the American tenant of Rockingham Castle, Market Harborough, for some time early in the spring. Ann Andrews and Basil Rathbone, who is now as popular on the American movies as he is on the English stage proper, are seen in a rather palpitating film, 'A Kiss of Importance'



MARJORIE MOSS AND GEORGES FONTANA



"A KISS OF IMPORTANCE": ANN ANDREWS AND BASIL RATHBONE



## HOLIDAY RACING: WHO WAS AT LEOPARDSTOWN



ALL EYES ON THE FINISH: MR. D. MACDERMOT, LADY AINSWORTH, MRS. HUBERT HARTIGAN, SIR THOMAS AINSWORTH, M.F.H., AND MR. VICTOR CARTWRIGHT



COUNTESS McCORMACK AND SIR ANTHONY WELDON



LADY LAMBART AND SIR OLIVER LAMBART



MR. PARKINSON AND COUNT McCORMACK



THE HON. BRINSLEY AND MRS. PLUNKET

A seasonable spirit of good cheer was very evident among the huge crowd which forgathered at Leopardstown on St. Stephen's Day. The racing sprang several surprises, the most noteworthy being the victory of Silent Prince in the St. Stephen's Chase. Mr. Soutar's aged horse had, according to report, never run before. He started at 50 to 1, and won by twenty-five lengths. The Sandyford Plate provided the best finish, and Mr. E. R. More-O'Ferrall with his first winning ride. He had the mount on Philip's Fancy, owned and trained by his brother. Mrs. Hubert Hartigan and the other occupants of the bench were watching Kilcash Hill score for Mr. Hartigan when they were photographed. Mr. MacDermot, a brother of The MacDermot, is well known in Irish racing circles, and Sir Anthony Weldon has lately entered the ranks of owners, having purchased a two-year-old from Lord Beaverbrook. Count McCormack, the famous singer, and a great patron of the turf, left for America with his wife shortly after the Leopardstown meeting. They are to be away two years, and will be much missed. Mr. J. J. Parkinson, a Senator of the Free State, has frequently headed the list of winning trainers in Ireland. Mrs. Plunket was Miss Aileen Guinness before her marriage, and Lady Lambart is Colonel Moore-Brabazon's sister. Her son, Sir Oliver Lambart, will be eighteen in April.

Photographs by Vyvyan Poole, Dublin



## SNOW WITH THE YORK AND AINSTY—

The joys of hunting the fox! The York and Ainsty at Scriven Park, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, during Christmas week. The York and Ainsty are now two packs, and have been since the beginning of last season. Lord Mountgarret is the Master of the North pack, and the South is commanded by Mr. David Lyce.t-Green, whose family name is so intimately linked with York and Ainsty hunting history



DR. SALEEBY AND MRS. SATTERTHWAITE



Mlle. GABRIELLE CHANEL



MR. AND MRS. AUGUSTUS JOHN

## —AND BRIGHT SUNSHINE ON THE RIVIERA

A strong contrast to the picture at the top in the Blessed British Isles, where—in some parts—we had a white Christmas; in others merely a sloppy one. Dr. Saleeby is the great sunlight expert, and believes that the Riviera has the best brand of it on tap. He had just been playing tennis with the famous Mrs. Satterthwaite at the Monte Carlo Country Club, where the snapshot was taken. Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel had a Christmas party, which included Lady Abdy, at her Roquebrune Villa. The two dogs in the picture are Gigot and Dax. Mr. and Mrs. Augustus John had just motored to Cap Ferrat, where they are staying in a villa next door to Sir James Dunn



# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A TEMPERANCE orator was describing to his audience how his life had been influenced by total abstinence.

"You know," he said, "I am now head of my department. Three years ago there were two men in the office who held positions superior to mine. One was dismissed through drunkenness. The other was led into crime. He is now serving a long term of imprisonment, and all through the influence of strong drink. Now, what I ask is," he cried, "what has raised me to my present high position?"

"Drink!" was the unexpected reply from the back of the hall.

The burglar had entered the house as quietly as possible, but his shoes made a certain amount of noise. Suddenly he stiffened. He heard a woman's voice.

"If you don't take off your shoes when you come into this house there's going to be trouble. It's been raining for three hours, and you've dared to tramp on my carpet. Go downstairs and take off your shoes at once!"

The burglar crept downstairs and out of the house without a word. His confederate who kept watch outside noticed a tear in his eye.

"I haven't the heart to rob that place, Tom," murmured the burglar. "It's so like home!"

A man who had to fill in an insurance form was faced with a difficulty when it came to stating the cause of his father's death, for it happened that his deceased parent had been hanged. After much thought he wrote, "Died whilst taking part in a public function when the platform gave way."

The Smiths were having a row. "You women," said Smith contemptuously, "are only happy before a glass."

"Yes," replied his wife, "and you men are only happy after one."

"How dare you say in your notice that my representation of the deserted wife was a failure," stormed the angry actress.

The dramatic critic rose to it bravely. "Well," he said, "you looked so lovely in the part that it was impossible to imagine any man deserting you."

A man came to visit his married sister and her little daughter. His greeting to his small niece was to take her in his arms and say, "Hello, microbe."

The child stared at him for several seconds. Then she said very seriously, "I'm not *your* crobe, uncle. I'm mummy's crobe."

The man who had thoroughly enjoyed himself during the Christmas holidays sat with his head between his hands.

"It can't be done," he moaned.

"What can't be done?" asked his wife.

"You can't have a merry Christmas *and* a happy New Year."

The passenger on a tramcar noticed that the conductor was behaving strangely. At each stop he nipped out to the front of the car and dangled a piece of string in front of the driver, who on each occasion swore with hearty abandon. As he was leaving the passenger said, "What's the idea of this little game you're playing with the driver?"

"Well, sir," replied the conductor, "my driver 'e ain't got no sense o' humour. 'Is brother was 'ung this morning!"

The wife of a man who had enlisted in the Navy handed the pastor of a church the following note: "Peter Jones having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

The minister glanced over it hurriedly and announced: "Peter Jones, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

An inspector, examining a class in religious knowledge, asked the following question of a little girl, intending it for a catch:

"What was the difference between Noah's Ark and Joan of Arc?"

He was not a little surprised therefore when the child replied:

"Noah's Ark was made of wood, and Joan of Arc was maid of Orleans."



D'Ors, Paris



MADAME IDA RUBINSTEIN

Abbé, Paris

The world-famous diva, who is said to be coming to Covent Garden with a repertory, and will commence her season after the Grand Opera one is over. In the top picture Madame Rubinstein is seen in "Princesse Cygné," and below in "Le Sphinx," by Rostand. She has appeared in some of the plays of the great Italian poet, d'Annunzio, notably in "Le Martyr de Saint Sebastian"



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*Drink Delicious*

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*Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, 1/3, 2/-, and 3/9 per tin.*



P686





THE EARL OF YARBOROUGH'S SHOOT IN THE PILLAR WOODS, BROCKLESBY

The Pillar Woods of twelve-and-a-half million trees were planted in 1787 by the 1st Lord Yarborough, and Pelham's Pillar, which stands as a landmark in the Brocklesby country, was put up to commemorate the event. Lord Yarborough is now in his fifty-first season as Master of the Brocklesby Hounds, and his Joint Master is Captain H. A. Jaffray. Lord Yarborough and Lord Conyers, his son, are in the front of the above picture, and behind are: Major St. V. Fox, Captain Portman, Squire Haig, Captain Jaffray, M.F.H., Mr. Chambers, and Mr. R. Davy

THERE is one good thing at any rate with which we start the new year, an infallible (several infallible for that matter) cure for sea-sickness, and so simple—ground pork fat. The inventor is a simple Irishwoman. Whether this is merely a variant of another well-known remedy only the medical faculty can tell us. The well-known remedy to which I refer I think had better be set out in full for the benefit of those who may be about to embark upon a sea voyage. First you secure about two yards of strong twine (deep-sea fishing line will do), then you obtain about two square inches of uncooked bacon fat (and if it is a bit rancid so much the better), and tie this securely with a clove-hitch to your fishing line. Then when the vessel has put to sea and is beginning to do that wriggle and dip act which most ships will accomplish when there is a bit of a beam sea, go and sit in a spot where you can get a really good sniff of hot engine oil; then shut your eyes and swallow, retaining a strong grip on the end of your string, and then . . . I see that "an elderly peer," whose name unfortunately is not given, says that eating two whole lobsters is a good remedy. It may be, but I think it is just as extravagantly wasteful as a brace of golden plover with orange salad and a half bottle of Chambertin; and the same remark applies with equal force to a dozen oysters, a bit of cold pheasant, and a bottle of Moselle. However, it is a good thing to know that our scientists are at last taking a keen interest in this most distressing disease, and that we can now defy the worst efforts of the thing, which the ultra-literary call *poluphloisboio thalasses*.

The appointment of Lord Willingdon to the Viceroyalty of India signalizes the fact that he is the third Master of hounds to be selected for that important charge. The first M.F.H. was the 6th Earl of Mayo, who was Viceroy of India from 1868 to 1872, and was assassinated in India's "Devil's Island," the Andamans. He was Master of the Kildare from 1857 to 1862, and was then rated one of the best heavy-weights to hounds in all Ireland. When he went to India he was one of the original members of the old Calcutta Tent Club, which was concerned with pig-sticking, and he went, so I heard, even in my times in India, like a scalded cat. The present Viceroy, Lord Irwin, owned and hunted his own pack of harriers, the Garrowby, who hunted in the East Riding of Yorkshire over the Middleton country, and were, I think, transformed into fox-hounds shortly after Lord Irwin's appointment to the dizzy and exciting pinnacle which he is about to vacate. Lord Willingdon, who is a very nice riding weight, and the absolute cut for an M.F.H., was Master of the famous Ooty Hounds for one season, 1921-22, which everyone in those parts, I understand, thought was a pity because he was the right man in the right spot. However, if you will insist upon being a Governor of a vast province I suppose you must not expect to be a Master of hounds at the same time. His was a very popular reign, and I

## Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

can think of no better suggestion than that His Excellency *in posse* should take over the Master-ship of the pack that they have at New Delhi. There is no better cement for political rifts than that of fox-hunting, even if it only amounts to "Jack." The late Lord Minto, another Viceroy of India, was never an M.F.H., but a real cracker to go, and he did what no other Viceroy has ever done, rode in four Grand Nationals. I have a personal letter from Lord Minto before me as I write and his list is: 1874, Captain Machell's Defence (finished 4th); 1875, Mr. F. Bennett's Miss Hungerford (knocked over second time round and Lord Minto dislocated his neck—and survived); 1876, Mr. Maunsell Richardson's Zero (fell at Valentine's the second time round). Mr. Maunsell Richardson, who was the second husband of the mother of the present Lord Yarborough, fifty-one seasons Master of the Brocklesby, won the National twice running, in 1873 and 1874 on Captain Machell's Disturbance and Reugny, each to each. In 1877 the late Lord Minto rode Lord Downe's Earl Marshal and finished 6th. Lord Minto was also a first-class man to hounds in the Buccleuch and other countries, but if in the Buccleuch that is good enough for anyone who has been there! The point is of course that a fox-hunter is the best man for any kind of job that needs hands—and India does, take it from me.

A Capetown pal of mine, whom I recognize as a past master in the concoction of cocktails, sends me the rough idea of a new *apéritif* which may (or may not) interest some of my other pals. He calls it the Kalahari Cocktail, and this is it: Take two ostrich eggs (not procurable here even at the Zoo), break same and pour into a gun bucket (the cavalry soldier will understand), add one bottle of *Dop* (raw brandy—the rawer the better), and stir with butt-end of rifle. This I am advised by my friend should be taken before breakfast. It may be very excellent, but personally I am convinced that a prairie oyster, if concocted by a maestro, is the best possible remedy.



AT NEWNHAM HALL, DAVENTRY

Lord Glenarchy, Mr. H. R. Nicholson, and Mrs. Romer Williams snapped on the day the Pytchley met at Newnham, Mr. Romer Williams' house. Lord Glenarchy is Lord and Lady Breadalbane's son, and Mr. Nicholson, Lady Breadalbane's son by her first marriage to the late Captain Eric Nicholson, 12th Lancers. Mrs. Romer Williams is Lady Breadalbane's mother

**RUGBY AT TWICKENHAM**  
 England and Scotland first founded the Rugby Union with the International encounter of 1871. Ireland joined in 1875, Wales in 1880, France in 1906. In 1910 the Twickenham field became the venue for the great International games in the Metropolis. The Centenary of Rugby fell in 1923—not quite so old as “Johnnie Walker.”



Rugger Player:  
 “What a bit of luck—  
 ‘in touch’  
 with Johnnie Walker”

Born 1820—Still going Strong





THE BEDFORD XV AND OFFICIALS

R. S. Crisp

The team which downed London Hospital 22 points to 16 in the recent match played at Bedford. The names, left to right, are: Back row—A. H. Perkins (Chairman Selection Committee), W. A. Sime, T. E. K. Williams, W. Midderson, G. E. Goddard, N. B. Larbz, H. W. S. Coward, C. Rose, F. Holmes, and F. G. Hore (Hon. Secretary); sitting—L. G. Ashwell, A. Marshall, R. C. Brumwell (Captain), W. N. Blake, N. F. Reed, R. Eidsforth, R. Perkins, and O. L. Lloyd (Chairman)

THE present Rugby season, as far as it has gone, has been rather depressing, the standard of play has fallen a long way short of what might have been expected. Hard things have been said and written of most of the leading teams of the day, and it is therefore with all the more pleasure that one is able to congratulate the Richmond club on its dual victory over Blackheath.

Years ago, the meeting of the two most famous organizations of the day was one of the leading games of the season. No matter how badly either or both of the teams had been doing, their matches were usually very closely contested, for the utmost keenness possessed both players and supporters. The importance of the fixture has rather waned nowadays, but the keenness is still there, and these two victories over their ancient rivals must have consoled the Richmond men for their shockingly bad start of the season. Now they can lift up their heads again and feel that they have not played in vain.

Blackheath had two attractive matches on Boxing Day and the day following against the Racing Club of Paris and Richmond. But in the Richmond district there was no game at all, and two excellent gates were thrown away. Almost any sort of match would have drawn a big crowd to the Athletic Ground on either day, for people would have been only too glad of something to do; but the chance was thrown away for lack of a little common sense.

The Rugby Union folk are a lot more wide-awake, and they are sure of an enormous crowd at Twickenham next Boxing Day, when the South African touring side will meet a London fifteen. Given anything like a fine day the ground will be filled to the limit, and then we shall have the usual ignoramus saying that the match ought to have been played at Wembley!

The trial matches are over now and it is possible to look back on them and wonder if the selectors have always done the wisest thing. Certainly several young gentlemen have been given places who might very well have been left in the obscure comfort of their club fifteens, and there are some others who may perhaps feel that they have a grievance in that they have been left untried. But things like this must happen every year, and on the whole our selectors have done very well. But it cannot be denied that at Weston there were three or four men obviously out of their class.

It is quite possible that by the time these lines appear in print the England team against Wales may be public property; but as a matter of fact they are perforce being written before the England v. Rest trial. So it may be interesting to attempt a forecast of the fifteen and see how many places we get right. Beginning with the full-back, in the regrettable absence of T. Brown of

# Rugby Ramblings

Bristol, who if fit would surely have been a certainty, the place should go to L. L. Bedford of Headingley who has played two really sound games in the first two trials and who seems more consistent than J. G. Askew the Light Blue, who moreover is rather unlucky in the matter of injury.

No one need expect a brilliant three-quarter line for the very good reason that the men do not exist. The Gloucestershire centres will probably keep their places and so secure their first caps. They will not let us down, and both are capable of scoring on their own. The question of the wings is not so easily settled. The new men have hardly made good with the possible exception of A. C. Harrison, the diminutive Rover from Hartlepool. C. D. Aarvold seems to have found favour with the selectors, but he is hardly fast enough, and in that respect

both J. S. Reeve and R. W. Smeddle would be preferable.

The latter is one of those who might think himself rather shabbily treated as he has not been chosen for a single trial.

Not for a long time has there been so much discussion of scrum-halves as has been the case this season. In the regrettable absence of W. H. Sobey, who is in a class by himself, the selectors seem to have taken a fancy to E. B. Pope, the rejected of Cambridge. It is pretty obvious that the Light Blue authorities made a mistake in leaving him out. The selection of Taylor, the Bart's terrier, was a most interesting one, he has done splendid work for the hospital.

There seems to be a dearth of stand-off halves, but T. J. M. Barrington's knowledge of Burland and his brilliance in attack should give him the place, despite the known limitations of his defence. It is true that H. C. Laird kept him quiet in the first half at Weston, but after half time Barrington did what he liked with S. C. Meikle, and Meikle did what he liked with Barrington.

We shall have a sound and useful pack there's no doubt about that. Sam Tucker will be in command, and I hope to see H. Rew with him in the front row, with no distinct preference for the other place, which may go to M. S. Bonaventura. B. H. Black picks himself for the second row with J. W. Forrest if fit and well. If not, P. C. Hordern, who must be got into the side somehow, and so may be in the back row with P. D. Howard and R. F. Davey. If another back-row man is required, E. H. Harding or A. G. Cridlan might fill the bill. This pack is not going to be pushed about much, and should at least hold its own in every department.

"LINE-OUT."



THE LONDON HOSPITAL XV

R. S. Crisp

The team which was beaten 22 points to 16 in the recent encounter with Bedford County at Bedford. The names in the picture are: Back row—B. W. Totton (Referee), T. M. A. Lewis, H. Samson, V. Tompkins, R. L. Townsend, A. K. Monro, H. Barnes, J. S. O. Stead, and R. C. Percival; seated—M. Disney, C. N. Waring, T. B. Noble, I. Braithwaite (Captain), A. W. P. Coetzee (Match Captain), M. Snipper, H. R. Thompson, and E. G. Lewis



IT IS SAID  
THAT WOMEN  
DRESS TO PLEASE  
MEN, BUT WHERE  
CIGARETTES ARE  
CONCERNED THEY  
PLEASE THEMSELVES  
AND SMOKE

# PLAYER'S



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 10 FOR 6<sup>p</sup> 20 FOR 11½<sup>p</sup> CORK TIPPED.

FCC16





Howard Barrett

THE VEN. THE ARCHDEACON AND MRS. CONYBEARE'S  
CHRISTMAS PARTY AT SOUTHWELL

Included in the group, besides the host and hostess, are Sir William Malkin, Chief Legal Adviser at the Foreign Office, and Lady Malkin, the Rev. C. H. S. Matthews and Mrs. Matthews, and John, Michael, and Peter Matthews. The Ven. W. J. Conybeare is Archdeacon of Nottingham

Painful Business.

THE other evening I found myself musing about motoring affairs in general and the new motoring laws in particular, and I had a sort of semi-dream in which a rather jolly old white-haired gentleman was putting in an appearance before a bench of magistrates to answer a charge of "careless driving." Now an' again a stray tear coursed down the old chap's cheek, for he felt his position very much. With his hand upon his heart he assured the court that he had been driving since 1897, that he had never before been accused of committing even the most minor offence, that he had never had an accident nor even scraped the paint off a mud-guard. One of the Great Unpaid audibly remarked to the Chairman that "it was about time the old josser was caught, for it was notorious that these pioneer motorists, of enormous experience, took unheard-of liberties. But the Chairman had been touched by the pitiable contrition of the defendant, and, himself almost dissolving in tears, prevailed upon his fellow-beaks to dismiss the case. And in my dream I heartily approved the decision. For, you see, I am by way of being a distinctly old motorist myself, and it was pleasant to imagine that long experience of cars might be put forward with some hope of consideration. But the very next day, by a singular coincidence, I had occasion to modify that view. For an Exceptionally Old Motorist, whose connection with cars does genuinely go back to the very earliest days of the movement, came to see me. And he took me out for a short run in his new saloon . . . and he frightened me to death. I ought to have seen what might happen when he complained about my drive-gate being so narrow. That should have aroused my suspicions had I only been thoughtful. For once upon a time this gate *was* narrow. Mrs. P. V. and others long ago represented this fact, and I had the opening so hugely widened that you could drive a lorry through it "all out" in a fog. Yet it was not, if you please, wide enough for the Old Motorist. Well, he took me out, and he brought me home, and he gave me a night-mare of a ride. I do not think I have ever been so frightened, for from the word "go" it was clear that the car was driving him much more than he was driving it. He had set the hand throttle so that the engine "idled" at something in the neighbourhood of 2,000 revolutions; or anyhow that is what it felt like. He then

# PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

abruptly let in the clutch on a strikingly low bottom gear, and I was hoicked forward so suddenly that I thought my neck had been forfeited at last. He crashed his gears as I have rarely heard gears crashed, explaining to me the while that the art of double clutching was a thing only to be acquired by practise. At every turning he over-steered so grossly that the necessary correction tumbled me against the door or heavily into him. He was constantly pressing either the brake pedal or the throttle pedal into the floor-boards, so that we progressed by a series of jerks. He took the clutch out always when something compelled him to reduce speed—a practise that I abominate, and especially when the said clutch is returned to action with a bang. He had not the faintest sense of direction. Every cross-road and turning would have sprung a shocking surprise upon him had I not been there to yell a warning. In a dozen miles we had very nearly as many narrow squeaks that made me all of a dither with apprehension. And all the time, externally pale though I must have been, I was internally blushing. For he was so proud of himself—had driven in every country in Europe, clean license, never had an accident, taught literally dozens of people how to drive and, save the mark, in between whiles was carrying on a pungent criticism of other people's behaviour upon the high-way. How I managed to bottle up my feelings I do not know, except that I am by nature soft-hearted and could not bring myself to assault the fellow's vanity and, outside of a motor-car, he is an excellent chap.

Two conclusions I was quickly forced into. One was that length of motoring experience is no criterion of skill—this man would have been ploughed utterly in any driving test—and the other is that there is a particular type of lunatic whom the gods of Good Luck take in their charge. And another thing. Had he been a novice I should have roundly abused him. Just because he was an Old Motorist I perforce forbore. And I suppose all the other unhappy folk who had ridden with him had, like me, sat frozen and speechless with horror. And the admiring family, never having known anything better, would boast what a good driver Daddy was . . . never had an accident in all these years! I expect there are quite a number of this kind. If you, oh reader, are acquainted with one of them I think you will agree that when it comes to really atrocious bad driving no one can compare with the Old Brigade. I take my hat off to the modern automobile engineer, for I have only just begun to appreciate the sort of treatment that this product has sometimes to put up with.

(Continued on p. vi)



ON THE MARCH FROM SRINAGAR TO GILGIT

Sir Aurel Stein, the noted explorer and archaeologist, on his way to Central Asia for a two-years' expedition was snapshotted when he passed through the camp of the British Resident in Kashmir. Sir Aurel is in the centre of the picture (with his topee in his hand); on his left is Mr. Bramlett of the U.S.A., who accompanies him, and on his right Colonel George Ogilvie, the Resident

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

# The OUTSTANDING CAR

for  
**1**

**31**



## The 'BIG NINE'

NO other car at Olympia created such general interest as The "BIG NINE," because the motor-ing public has been quick to realise that this improved model of the popular and successful "Standard" Nine of 1930 offers more genuine value than any other car of its class.

APPEARANCE, ACCOMMODA-TION and PERFORMANCE are all combined in The "BIG NINE" and backed by "Standard" reputation for "Quality."

AGENTS throughout Gt. Britain will be pleased to show and demonstrate any of The "BIG NINE" range of models for 1931 or to forward illustrated folders on request.

### Models and Prices of 4/5-SEATER SALOONS for 1931

"Popular" Saloon, 3-speed	£195
"Fabric" Saloon, 3-speed	£215
"Coachbuilt" Saloon, 3-speed	£225
"SPECIAL" Fabric Saloon, 4-speed, Silent Third	£245
"SPECIAL" Coachbuilt Saloon, 4-speed, Silent Third	£255
also	
"Tourer," 3-speed	£195



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The  
'ENSIGN'  
SIX

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY



# A WEIRD STORY

In the smaller islands of the tropics, both in the Atlantic and Pacific, well-trained nurses are often scarce and doctors hard to find and overworked. My husband's work led us to many out-of-the-way places, and it was even usual that he should have to leave me at intervals, so that I had a great deal of free time. As I loved children and nursing and had had a great deal of experience before my marriage and during the War in these matters, I was always in request to give my friends assistance. Thus I had a happy, busy life, and many deep, sincere friendships with people of various character, social position, and nationality.

That to one family my lack of orthodox faith was a deep and abiding grief I had no idea. The husband was a charming, intellectual Italian; the wife French. We talked a medley of French and English. Madam always spoke English, her husband was often at a loss for a word, and my French was far from perfect. They had two delightful children—a boy and a very delicate girl with immense violet eyes—of whom I was very fond. Measles came and both children were ill, and then the father took it. Then pneumonia for him set in. The wife and I and all her friends were terribly tired after three weeks' unceasing nursing. From the first there was little hope for this gallant man; but it was heart-rending to see how much he suffered. At last the priests came to administer confession and the last sacraments. I retired home for a little rest in order to take the evening nursing later on.

I had hardly reached my own door-way when I was informed that the stricken house had telephoned all was over; madam's mother and the doctor had taken over all the last, sad duties, and madam, the poor wife, had been put to sleep with a strong opiate. Would I just come to the funeral early in the morning? Stunned, sad, and weary I dropped into an arm-chair. Death, when it comes, never ceases to be an appalling mystery. I was sitting alone in the twilight trying to gather my strength for my other duties, when suddenly I felt a presence. It was neither a voice nor a visible form; nevertheless, I was conscious of a human presence calling me.

"Someone wishes to speak to you. Can you understand?"

I turned round, saying, "I am ready." A pause, as if others were explaining to each other. Then the dead man spoke.

"It is I, J., madam. I have tried so hard and I cannot reach my wife; will you go and take her a message? Will you comfort her? Tell her all is well with me and I will meet her later when her turn arrives to come over. Madam, *j'ai beaucoup souffert; je suis si faible*. Madam, *vous êtes si bonne. Tout le monde vous adore*. We are always so happy when you come. You are the sun-rays in all places. The days are always brighter when you have visited us. *Mais croyez; n'ayez pas peur; Dieu est là*. He exist; *je le verrai plus tard*. I know it. If you would only believe! Yes... it is well with me. I am weak and the pain and throbbing seemed to ebb into a great darkness—a great void. It seemed I passed through black mist, through a huge forest over *marais* (marsh) and black, swampy ground. . . . *Quelque chose invisible m'a aidé; il y a eu une rivière*, rocks, great mountains on the other side. I was carried, madam, *j'étais trop faible*. *D'abord il me semblait que c'était une montagne impraticable, menaçante, mais on a trouvé* a little path, no light, all blackness, and so winding and so rough. Then, as we passed low through the great mountain, a tiny, faint, pale light far off appeared." The strange part was I now saw all this too. I felt I was with J., beside him, holding his hand, and strange, grave, white-robed figures stood about us on this rocky path. I saw the pale light ahead and the upward winding path. I was unconscious of any self-feeling except awe. J. was so changed, so dead cold, so grey . . . he held my hand tightly, and yet he seemed to have exhausted all his strength.

"I know you will help my wife. I know you will give them courage. I do not doubt you will take my message." And here the others seemed to want to take up their burden and go on. "But oh, madam, promise me you will have faith; you'll give your heart to God, you will pray." I knelt beside his stretcher and kissed his hand, and said how I could no longer doubt. He gave a long sigh, yet so faint. The others took up their burden.

I was not unconscious. A long while I lay and prayed, and when I opened my eyes, I found myself still in my chair; only a great sense of relief had come. J. had convinced me that God existed and a new life was open to all. Several sad days went by. His wife slowly recovered her strength and courage. The message comforted her, though it did not so much please her mother or the priests. Why should I have had it who was no Catholic and did not even attend any place of worship?

Others claimed my time; other friends and other duties. Several days passed quite normally, and one evening, very tired, about six days later, I was again resting in this favourite chair. But I was tired for a different and very ordinary reason; I had assisted the servants in an entire cleaning and "turn-round" in our little house, because a good deal of my furniture had arrived. So it was very unexpected that I should find myself "called" again. The presence and the voices seemed much stronger this time. It was Monsieur J. who spoke almost at once. "Madam, I have come again to tell you more. It was difficult to get permission, only I plead so much. It is for the last time. Now my wife believe I will meet her again. She search her heart all the time to reach me to come. This is not right. She delay me; she hurt herself. We cannot live and work in two worlds at the same time, Madam, I can no reach her. Please you go again and tell her and comfort her. Assure her I wait; I come back; I meet her when she die, when God call her. It is bad, very bad to call back the dead to life, madam. *Nous, nous avons tellement à faire ici si nous voulons y faire tout le bien qui nous soit possible*. It is work of progression. It is worlds," (or a world, I could not quite get that) "quite different to earth. We go by merit, and heart, and accomplishment here, and all must move on higher. The love of those we leave, madam, it really hinders, if they call us so often back to earth."

"Listen, madam, you believe now. *Mais c'est vrai*: you have faith—*vous avez 'confiance' dans le bon Dieu*. You want to understand; you want to come straight to us. You know you will."

"For only those in the lower spheres may reply to earth calls. Don't you understand? No man can serve two masters and no man can serve one master in two places at the same time. Love and work are two things and rarely can they be combined, but work and love, as we have been always taught, is really for the *bon Dieu* who gave us life; and doing it well and to his benefit is really our greatest satisfaction. Believe me, this is the reason I am allowed to come back for the second time to explain this to you. It is not good that those below should go beyond faith. It is not good; it is really evil." And here other voices broke in. "Yes, it is one of the evils that so many can get through now and continually keep calling back the spirits who have gone over. Sometimes they are genuine, those who come back, for love is the strongest bond there is. I can only get through to you because you so *sympathica*. But this is a warning to all who seek to call back their beloved dead. Don't do it. You harm us. You harm yourselves. We have work here—so much work—that we cannot accomplish it. You have work below and every opportunity to develop it yourselves. Do not delve in this mystery."

It was another voice who spoke here. "All that science has taught about telepathy and sympathy and all the currents in the air, is not meant to establish direct and continual contact with those who have gone over. We are all in spheres—spheres of work, spheres of progress—and only those who earn by merit can reach the highest spheres. It is the lowest sphere that has connection with the earth, and would you wish to keep your loved ones in that sphere? Christ's visit to earth as God's Son was his greatest manifestation of His love for humanity. Further than the teaching and the life of His only Son on earth He will not explain, nor will He ever return His Son to earth. Humanity must study the Gospels and mould their characters accordingly."

J. spoke again. "Promise me that neither you, nor will you encourage my wife to go to any meeting to seek to come in touch with any research society. They cannot be helpful to your life on earth nor to you here after you are dead. It can serve you nothing, and you only hold back those who loved you and passed over . . . you must not do it. Tell this to my wife."

That was all I heard. I told his wife and gave her one of Sir Oliver Lodge's books, and I explained to her that J. was much clearer and more forceful, and held all the comfort and all the courage she could ask for. She believed me and she listened, and I was "sensible" of a certain family jealousy and a great reservation on the part of the priests who gave her comfort.

Shortly afterwards we left, and it was not until last year I met her again. She told me that she herself had got through to her husband, and that he advised her constantly as to her affairs and those of his children, and she was much comforted.

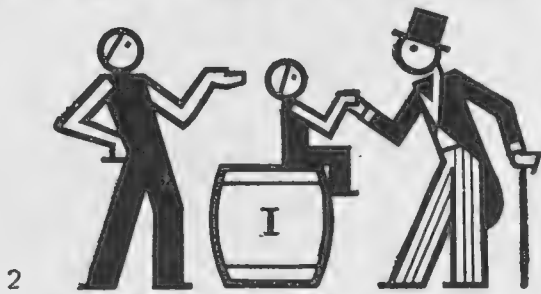
I have taken this message deeply and personally to heart. I seek no society of psychological research nor any medium, nor do I concentrate to get through to my own beloved father.

G. D. B.

# ★ ★ ★ Not a drop is sold till it's seven years old!



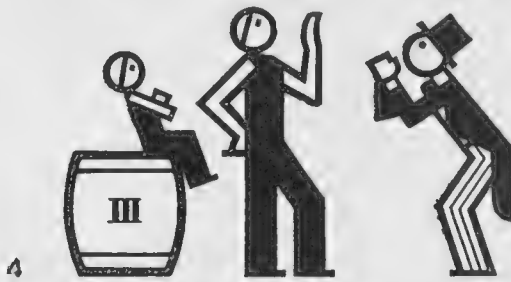
1 Distinguished person arrives at J.J. cellars.



2 Is introduced to the one-year-old casks.



3 And the two-year-old casks.



4 Arrives, gasping, at three-year-old casks — but is not allowed to taste.



5 Summons law to bear witness that three-year-old whiskey is legally mature.



6 Is quietly told that J.J. is different.



7 When introduced to seven-year-old casks makes prompt amend for unpardonable mistake.

## John Jameson ★ ★ ★ whiskey

Many whiskies are said to be of great age.  
But what does this mean?  
Remember, it's the age of the youngest drop that counts.  
Every drop of JJ has been at least seven years in cask.  
**TRULY a great age!**



THIS is the moment when we sit down and shed the editorial tear. Not because the Old Year is passing as we write, nor because the Ladies' Golf Union is moving house into new and "more commodious" premises, as our friend the house agent says (hearty congratulations to all concerned over that bit of intelligence). No, we weep because Princes Ladies' Golf Club has ceased to exist. Hastily let it be added that this is *not* Princes, Sandwich, for that club is increasing mightily in vigour,



Who goes there? Mrs. Crombie looks over the heads of Miss Dampney, the Welsh International, and Miss Julia Hill, who is the new captain of the Surrey II



Yorkshire hospitality: Miss I. Worsley (right) shares her umbrella with Miss Downes. They were partners in the 1930 Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh

comes a little puzzling if you stop to think it out—habitat at Mitcham Junction. How cosily it nestled between the main line with its burden of Pullman cars labelled for far-away spots such as Brighton or Worthing, and the little branch line which carried a very occasional train or slightly less occasional engine shuttlecockwise between Wimbledon and Beddington or Waddon, or some such comparatively rural spots. One thought quite kindly of the main line; you had to be a most determined slicer, not to say socketer, to reach that even at the 14th; at the 13th it was almost impossible, and the big trains dashing round the curve gave you a pleasant reminder of life and bustle. (Also, if you were young and nerveless and your opponent old or temperamental, those trains thundering past her right elbow, sometimes with a cheery whistle, were quite capable of helping you to win, at any rate that hole, from her.) The branch line, speaking as a golfer, was a more serious matter. Its trains might neither thunder nor whistle, but it was not only the opponent who might be fatally attracted by the shining metal of the rails. Horribly close lurked that out of bounds to the 18th fairway. A card kept down to the neighbourhood of fours might suddenly become most uncomfortably inflated at that 18th. No, it was better to play the 18th in blinkers, and try to forget that anybody could possibly slice.

That half of the course was the most secluded. In fact, if you plumbed the depths of some of those May trees you might imagine yourself to be the world forgetting, of the world forgot, until a sharp cry of "fore" from the rear, or the drone of an aeroplane overhead reminded you that there were other people in the world, and that a good many of them, like you, enjoyed playing golf at Mitcham. Out on the Common side of the branch line you were more or less in the gay world. Trams droned past on their way to Croydon; cars, in these latter days, whizzed along with passengers for the Imperial Airways' terminus. Yet, even so, it was hard to believe that you were only ten miles from Charing Cross. You might, for instance,

judging by the evidence of the invitation open meeting of last summer, and by the welcome given to the Parliamentary Ladies'.

But Princes, Sandwich, is a mere newcomer not more than twenty odd years old; the real original Princes Ladies' has had its—his, their—the pronoun be-

roller. If you turn to the earliest but one of the L.G.U. Official Year Books, published in 1895, you will find a glowing and flowery account of the opening ceremony of that Princes' Club-house, which was evidently quite unique and unrivalled. Have we grown very spoilt nowadays with our suites of rooms, our luxurious quarters, our elaborate meals? Would there be less outcry about expenses if we could be content with simpler buildings, smaller meals? Given only sufficient space, adequate supply of hot water, a really good drying-room, and well-cooked food, should we be any the worse for less luxury? I wonder.

Some of those early golfers would open their eyes at us now: we might open ours at them if they did but appear in the accepted club rig-out which, I have been informed on unimpeachable authority, was crowned with crocheted tam-o'-shanters of chocolate-brown wool, coquettishly cocked up at one side with pom-poms (I believe that is the right word) of chocolate and pale-blue wool.

Quite possibly they were less unbecoming to some people than the inevitable beret; they had a certain amount of ventilation; afforded at least a modicum of shade to the eye fixed upon the ball, and had the doubtful merit of being easily made at home. Perhaps they were not; perhaps you registered your tammy at the swagger shop in Burlington Arcade (unless Burlington Arcade was "not quite a nice place for young girls to go shopping alone" in those days; I am not sure on that point), and the home-made felt painfully conscious of economy and crooked pom-poms when she took the field. After all, maybe the beret is simpler.

But, beret or no, Princes Ladies, Mitcham Junction, is now defunct, swept away by some authority or other who has other ideas for London's open spaces. It is a little sad. It may be too short for champions nowadays, but other people, hundreds of them, enjoyed it. Perhaps on moonlight nights an engine driver on the branch line will look out of his cab and see the ghosts of early champions playing the 18th. I hope the moon will be bright enough for him to admire the chocolate and blue pom-poms.

see a butcher bird busy in those thorn bushes out by the 5th hole, though whether he ever actually nested there I should not like to say; there was a pleasant seaside quality about the turf which somehow belied the nearness to town, and made the shots there uncommonly interesting.

In its old days Princes was the very hub of the golfing universe, with many a champion on its list of members, with a team who could take on most clubs in the kingdom, and a club-house which challenged comparison with any. This of course was in the time when any tin shanty was considered good enough for the ladies, who were thought lucky if they did not have to hang their coat on the nearest tree and change their shoes—only they were probably boots—sitting on the groundsman's



Mrs. Kenneth Morrice, who is studying to become a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, but finds time to run the London Ladies' Foursomes staged at Camberley Heath on March 10 to 12

# BRADLEYS' SALE

NOW  
PROCEEDING

ALL ORDERS  
*are being executed at*  
SPECIAL  
BETWEEN-SEASONS  
PRICES

*Tailor Suits, made to order,  
from 9½ gns.*

*Gowns, made to order, from  
9½ gns.*

*Wrap Coats, Millinery, Blouses,  
Lingerie, etc., at specially Re-  
duced Prices during this month.*

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE  
showing examples from each de-  
partment will be sent upon request.

*An Attractive TAILOR SUIT, featuring a high-waisted Coat, with smart collar and revers, trimmed Black Satin. Coat is fastened with black button. Skirt designed to match coat. Coat lined Silk.*

*MADE TO ORDER, in Charmelaines and Poptins. 12½ gns.*

**Bradleys**  
Chepstow Place L<sup>d</sup>  
London, W.2.  
PARK 1200

*Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.*

# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE



*Perfectly simple but ever so smart is the satin blouse from Coulson and Sons' of New Bond Street, W. It is included in the winter sale*

For One Week Only.

Where one will the subject of sales and the wonderful bargains to be obtained is being discussed. It is on January 12 that Harrods' (Knightsbridge, S.W.) one-week sale begins; Friday the 16th being remnant day. Included in it are three-piece sports suits usually 14 and 18 guineas now £5 and £7. Tweed and stockinette dresses are 20s. and 30s., originally £3 and £5. Dinner and dance frocks have had their prices reduced from 6½ and 12½ guineas to £3 and £7. Incredible as it may seem, beige grey and black fox ties are available for 2 guineas; those of marmot being 1 guinea. Furthermore there is a collection of children's shoes and boots for 10s., and a splendid assortment of school coats for 1 guinea. The sale catalogue is ready and will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

## Consider the Children.

Although there are many attractions for the older members of the community, at Gooch's winter sale special consideration has been given to the requirements of the young folk. Illustrated on this page is a frieze coat with velvet collar which may be seen in the baby linen department, it is 69s.; the hat to match being 25s. 6d. The small boy's coat in the same fabric is 59s. 6d.; the hat being 17s. 6d. Furthermore for boys from three to eight years of age there are fancy tweed coats for 27s. 6d. and 37s. 6d.; original prices 48s. and 63s. For boys from seven to thirteen years of age there are suits consisting of jackets, waistcoats, and shorts in various tweeds for 25s.; a few days ago they were 42s. and 62s. Wonderful value is present in the pyjamas for boys from five to six years of age for 12s. 11d., formerly the prices were 18s. 11d., 19s. 11d., 21s. 6d., and 22s. 6d. All-wool taffeta sleeping suits with satin stripe are 7s. 6d.; they are destined for children from two to seven years of age. Then is it not splendid news that all Paris models have been reduced to a quarter of their original price and that there is a collection of Viennese jumpers and two- and three-piece suits at less than half price? There are a limited number of fur-trimmed coats as well as frocks for £2. Neither must the 5s. hats be overlooked.

## Satin Blouses.

Wm. Coulson and Sons' (105, New Bond Street, W.) sale is in progress; included in it are the satin blouses pictured on this page; they are hand-made, the one with the collar is

*There are coats for boys as well as for girls at Gooch's, Brompton Road, sale. Those pictured are carried out in frieze with velvet collars*



*Stitching is used for the decoration of this satin blouse. The simuli bow at the base of the "V" is decidedly becoming. At Coulson and Sons'*

decorated with buttons and is 3½ guineas, while the one with the Louis Seize bow is £4 4s.; it is available in duck's-egg blue, Patou pink, ivory, stone, and white. As now there are many contemplating a sojourn in South Africa, the West Indies, or Colombo, it must be mentioned that this firm is making a feature of summer frocks in silk, crêpe de chine, linen, and voile for £4 4s. There is a unique array of bargains in the linen department; for instance, women's handkerchiefs are from 9d. each, men's linen ones are from 1s. each. Too much cannot be said in favour of the Turkish towelling bathroom sets; they consist of bath-mats, two bath-towels, two face-towels, and two face-flannels, and are 32s. 6d., and eiderdown quilts are from 30s. This firm's well-known uncrushable bedspreads have had their prices reduced from 50s. to 38s. 6d. Full details regarding the reductions in the prices of household linens will be found in the sale circular sent gratis and post free.

*Here is a coat-frock that will serve many purposes. It is expressed in a fancy wool fabric and may be seen at Madame Nelson's, 159, Sloane Street, W.*

## Less than Cost Price.

All intelligent women will make a point of visiting Madame Nelson's (159, Sloane Street, S.W.) salons during her sale. Illustrated on this page is a coat-frock in a fancy wool material for 89s. 6d., a narrow strap crossed at the neck and buttoned forms the collar. Another attraction is a short, black velvet coat with two small shoulder capes falling to the waist for 79s. 6d. There are other tweed frocks and jumper suits for 89s. 6d. and 98s. 6d. Fur-trimmed coats are from 5½ guineas, while the original models are to be sold at less than cost price.

## 20 per Cent. Reduction.

The well-known firm of Elvery, 31, Conduit Street, W., are making a reduction of 20 per cent. off their entire stock. Among the notable attractions are 150 coloured silk waterproofs for 38s. 6d., original price, £3 3s. Waterproof silk golf jackets are offered at 35s.; and there are fifty children's covert and gabardine coats in various sizes from a guinea.

## Golden Opportunities.

Golden opportunities are offered at Gorrings' (in the Buckingham Palace Road) sale for replenishing the wardrobe for a modest outlay. Fur-trimmed coats have had their prices literally slaughtered, for instance; one that was 6½ guineas is now 75s. Model

(Continued on p. ii)





# MATITA

TO WOMEN  
WHO POSSESS  
GOOD TASTE  
AND WHO  
APPRECIATE  
INDIVIDUALITY  
IN CLOTHES,  
MATITA  
EXCLUSIVE  
SPORTSWEAR  
MAKES A UNIQUE  
APPEAL, FOR  
MATITA  
INVARIABLY  
ADDS A SUBTLE  
DISTINCTION  
TO THE  
CORRECT VOGUE  
OF THE  
SEASON

*Posed by*  
MISS NORA SWINBURNE



MATITA EXCLUSIVE SPORTSWEAR  
EXEMPLIFIES THE LATEST MODE  
FOR SPORT, TRAVEL, MOTORING,  
WALKING AND OUTDOOR OCCASIONS.  
OBTAINABLE FROM ALL THE BEST HOUSES IN THE COUNTRY

MATITA: M.A. ADLER. Telephones: MUSEUM 8650, 7777, & 3477. (Wholesale and Shipping only)

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

jumper suits, originally 59s. 6d. to 7½ guineas, are from 27s. 6d. to 69s. 6d. Naturally there are only a limited number of afternoon frocks for £2 2s., the original prices being from 5½ to 9 guineas. Tweed dresses are £1, and there are a group of hats being offered at 10s.

### A Special Reduction of 15 per Cent.

During Nicoll's (120, Regent Street, W.) winter sale a special reduction of 15 per cent. is made in made-to-measure orders. Furthermore riding kit has been greatly reduced. Among exceptional bargains are the untrimmed tailored coats for £2 2s. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact that the 5, 6, and 7 guinea coats and skirts are 3 guineas, and model coats with fur collars and cuffs are 6½ guineas. There are a number of the Quicksilver weatherproofs; they are slightly soiled for 21s.

### A Sale of Furs.

There is no doubt about it that a sale at Percy Vickery's, 235, Regent Street, W., is an event that must not be missed. Standing out with prominence among the desirable bargains is the coat pictured on this page; it is of dyed ermine of a delicate cocoa shade with handsome collar of the same fur. As will be seen it is slightly waisted, and of this veritable triumph of the furrier's art one may become the possessor for 159 guineas; a few days ago it was 199 guineas. As usual this reliable furrier is dividing his coats into groups. In the 10-guinea group there is a model of caracal paw, another of antelope worked in a fancy design, and one of seal coney with lynx collar, and of course there are many others. In the 15-guinea group there is an original model of black calf trimmed with white ermine; before it entered the sale it was 55 guineas. Mink marmot coats are now 15 instead of 49 guineas; furthermore there are grey squirrel coats for 29 guineas, and those of seal coney trimmed with beaver are the same price. Natural musquash coats whose length of life is well-nigh unending are 19 guineas.

### A Quality Sale.

Woollands' (Knightsbridge, S.W.) quality sale is in progress and continues throughout January. The remnant days are Thursdays as well as the 30th and 31st. This firm does not purchase new stocks for the sale but reduces the prices of their own. For instance, there are crêpe de chine scarves, 2 yards long and 18 in. wide, for 5s. 11d., and sports scarves in bouclette for 8s. 11d. For 52s. 6d. there are brocaded coatees for bridge; then those of gold or oxidized metallic brocade are 49s. 6d. It seems almost unnecessary to add that all Parisian models have been reduced to less than half their season's cost.

### Special Bargains in Millinery.

There are very special bargains in millinery in Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, W., winter sale. There are suède cloth caps with the new bonnet back for 5s. 11d., while close-fitting caps in felt and braid are 10s. Unique value is present in the evening coats of good quality velveteen for 35s., and this is also the cost of Scotch tweed ones. Golden opportunities are offered the small woman to become the

possessor of downright gilt-edge investments, there are tailor-mades in tweeds and suitings for 40s. Furthermore, there is a splendid collection of bags from 5s. in a variety of materials and styles.



A FASHIONABLE COAT

*Created by Percy Vickery, 235, Regent Street, W. It is of dyed ermine with a decided flair and imposing collar of the same fur. The working of the skins is an important feature*

### Home Furnishings.

Hampton's (Pall Mall, East) great furnishing sale is in progress and will continue throughout the month, remnant days being the 8th, 15th, 22nd, and 29th, all goods are marked in plain figures. Included in it is modern as well as antique furniture. Then there are the seamless Axminster carpets from £2 2s. to £12 19s. 9d. according to size. Many of the cretonnes and linens have had their prices literally slaughtered. Cretonne and printed linen cushions are 4s. 6d. instead of 6s. 11d., while artificial silk taffeta ones are 12s. 9d., original price 14s. 9d.

### Unique Value in Irish Linens.

At Robinson and Cleaver's (Regent Street, W.) sale of Irish linens unique value is offered. A slight idea of the reductions in price, but not in quality, may be gleaned from the illustrated catalogue. There is a 25 per cent. reduction on 150 dozen turkish towels: they are available for 1s. 8d. each. Linen huckaback towels are six for 6s. 3d.; while linen sheets, Zulu quality, are 17s. 11d. per pair single bed size. Throughout the establishment, including the fashion section, the prices have been slaughtered. Two-fold Botany wool stockings, English made, are half price, viz., 2s. per pair, or six pairs for 11s. 9d.

### Thirty-three and One-third Reduction.

Thirty-three and one-third reductions prevail at Studd and Millington's establishments at 51, Conduit Street, and 67, Chancery Lane, E.C. The garments are made in their own workshops, and are made of the finest materials, consequently they are gilt-edge investments for men and women. Camel-hair coats for women, usually 6½ to 9½ guineas, and those for men, 8 and 10 guineas, have had their prices reduced by 33⅓ per cent. The Winchester model, made in all-weather West of England fabric of light weight, usually 6 to 9 guineas, is now 4 to 6 guineas.

### Drastic Reductions.

Everyone must visit the Blue Room at the Maison Ross, 19, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W., during the sale, which is in progress. There are tailored ski-ing and riding skirts from 45s.; a few days ago they were 59s. 6d. Among the outstanding bargains are evening gowns from £5, day gowns from £5, tailor-mades from £5, coats from £4, cardigan suits from £3, jumpers from 21s., hats from 15s. For the duration of the sale a new system has been inaugurated, viz., the new season's models will be copied at reduced rates.

### An Important Sale.

There is a really important event for every woman who values smart footwear. The annual sale of the London Shoe Company is in progress and continues until the 10th inst. It is only at the Regent Street and Sloane Street branches. "Business as usual" at 116 and 117, New Bond Street. There are unbelievable bargains to be had in every style and in every size. . . . Every pair of shoes sold is taken from actual stock. It is quite superfluous to emphasize the fine workmanship and materials of footwear sold by this firm.

# MILTON CLEANS FALSE TEETH



AND THAT'S NOT ALL



## From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 8)

termed a wash-out. With the exception of a strong police force there were few who cared to face the pitiless rain in the open market-place. The field increased as Bowden was reached, although several disappeared into Burnmill House to exchange greetings. The old Coldstreamer wisely waited at his stable door to join the cavalcade on passing. The panoply of the chase was robbed of its glory, mostly all donning the oldest of raiment to face the weather which reached the limit on the top of the Caudel. A wade round the Welham Flats behind a twisting fox finished at Glooston, but a select few had a good hunt from Stonton Wood in the afternoon, hounds slipping away almost unnoticed into the Hallaton wilds. Keith was in a quandary when left with a bridleless horse and hounds running, a most awkward predicament. Betty saved her plumage by coming out late, but had to be content with horse exercise without hounds.

### From Warwickshire

What a bustle, and a hard-riding hustle, from Bawcutts—"with thrusters the strong way, the cunning their long way, and the gossips the wrong way"—to say nothing of Charingworth Jimmy riding as hard as his language. Along the Kineton Vale they ran eventually to mark to ground above Edgehill—a real gallop, most horses blown to a standstill—the Lifeguardsman doing a graceful subsiding act into the ditch. We really shall soon need flying boats.

Tuesday provided two brilliant hunts, with enough jumping and galloping to please even our Dianas. Finding first in Idlicote Grove, hounds ran through the Fox Covert to Wagtail Brook, and after a momentary check they hit off the line again to run past Black Martin Hill—across the main road—and kill their fox in Mills Grove. Hounds next found in a rough field by Wagtail Brook, raced up-wind past Whatcote into Tysoe Dingle, then slower over Epwell Hill to run out of scent at Roughill; a first-class 6-mile point.

Officially the entertaining of Christmas guests kept our front-liners from the holiday meets. We rather suspect the Clerk of the Weather and dreams of Ufton Wood taking a hand. Condolences to the Master over Cox's horse.

### From the Heythrop

Christmas week opened with a meet at Heythrop Village. Our foxes must suffer from that Monday morning feeling as, oddly enough, the sport on these days has not been equal to the quality of the other days of the week, and this was the fourth successive black Monday. We

were glad to see our sporting friends, the priests, not only running but walking too, and very well their puppies looked. Wednesday at Burford was a good day. The lady of the same name as a famous billiards champion nearly made the break of a lifetime with her cannon off the major, but the only thing cushioned was the latter's top-hat. The day after Christmas at Stow-on-the-Wold should be called Horse-Boxing Day as the whole place was plastered with them. The heavy rain made people look rather dejected, but perhaps this was largely due to the fact that after the Christmas coo-ing comes the January bill-ing, and also none but the brave can stand the fare.

### From the York and Ainsty

Although we didn't have what is facetiously called "a white Christmas," we had a good try for a white Boxing Day, and the south pack's Acomb Green meet was held in a snow-storm, without the orgy of foot-people and cars we usually have. It really wasn't fit to hunt, but David found a fox in Kennel Wood, killed him just outside, and then took hounds home.

The snow had gone by next day when we met at Hagg Bridge, but it poured with rain till 1 p.m., and the country was terribly deep. Now for a little lyric—

Who, while we're running on apace, turns round to note, with smiling face,  
What people funk an awkward place, and comic features of the chase?  
Who, safely perched on Dempsey fleet, will never miss an Ainsty meet,  
And from her bed-room nice and neat, sees lorries bringing sugar beet?

### From Lincolnshire

Christmas hunting came to within an ace of being stopped. Not in recent years has such a blizzard prevailed on Boxing Day, though it did not begin until it was nearly time to throw-off. So wretched were the conditions that two of the county packs never attempted to draw, but rather than disappoint the holiday crowds both the Brocklesby and Southwold hunted for an hour in the snow! To catch a fox on the run in such appalling weather was hopeless. Everywhere is water-logged and 'osses are having a most trying time.

A good bit of grief was seen when the Brocklesby hunted from North Thoresby on December 27. To flounder about on the muddy ploughs and squirting grasses was bad enough, but to plumb the depths of the Waithe Beck before the run of the day began—a hard 70 min. from Hell Furze—was worse.

The farmer-sportsman in the Blankney country has evidently an eye on some of the spring steeplechase trophies, for he has a speedy quad for which no obstacle seems too big.

**EXACTLY AS IT LEAVES THE BONDED WAREHOUSE**



*The Vacuum Top which Safeguards the "Star" Whisky.*

**Crawford's LIQUEUR**  
**SCOTCH WHISKY**

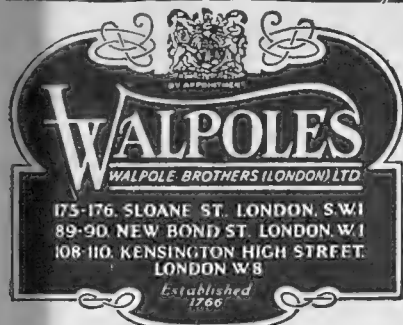
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"SPECIAL RESERVE"  
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OLD LIQUEUR  
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**PERSIAN LAMB.**—A magnificent Coat in genuine Persian Lamb from selected light-weight skins, beautifully lustrous and finely patterned curl. The fashionable high stand-up collar and large attractive cuffs are of softest Sable Squirrel. Lined figured Crêpe-de-Chine. Wonderful Value.

**SALE PRICE**

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**PONYSKIN.**—Luxurious New Model in finest Brown Ponyskin from exceptionally light-weight skins, gloriously trimmed with large stand-up roll collar of softest Sable Squirrel to tone. Serviceable and exceedingly hard wearing. Magnificent value.

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The Day Bodice is of silk milanese - - **25/6**

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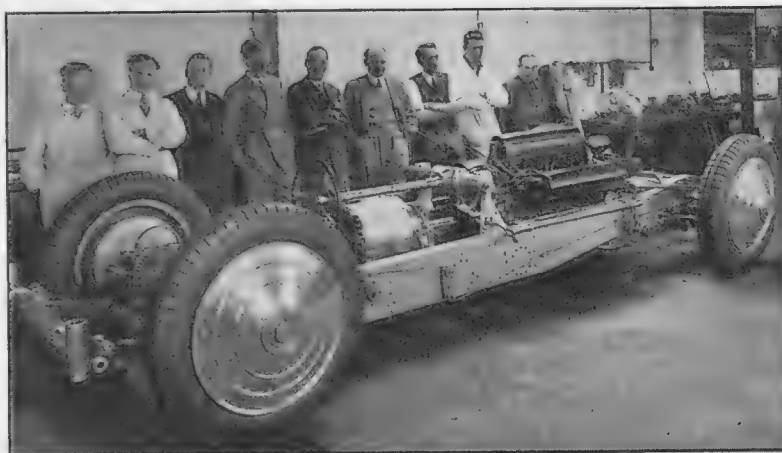
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## PETROL VAPOUR—(continued from p. 36)

"Give Him Air."

One of the minor problems of car design which, in my humble judgment has never been tackled anything like so seriously as it deserves to be, is that of ventilation. It may sound rather funny to refer to it at this season, yet when you come to look into the matter you find that it is precisely in winter that shortcomings mostly manifest themselves. For example, the other day a trans-Atlantic car nearly roasted my *corpus vile* in front, whilst the folk behind protested that they were being congealed. I am well aware that in some saloons, notably the Humber, there is an adjustable quarter-light which can be set so that the used-up air is draughtlessly exhausted, and several of the leading coach-builders have developed effective gadgets with a similar purpose. But the kind of ventilation with which I am for the moment concerned comes into the province of the chassis designer rather than that of the coach-builder. Seems to me that in but few cases is sufficient attention given to letting the heat get away, and I daresay that is rather a difficulty with a motor about as big as a kitchen-range. The ordinary sort of scuttle ventilator does not cure the trouble and is besides a futile sort of thing. The little side trap-doors are, as a rule, so made that they are either fully open or fully closed. The top kind, which is often nicely adjustable so that one can have any desired amount of draught in one's lap is quite futile in wet weather, and so is the method of ventilation by means of opening the screen at the bottom. None of these devices put the fresh air where it is wanted, which is on the front side of the bonnet bulk-head. And all pedal slots ought to be made—as they can be made—so that they do not admit any hot air. I don't say that all cars are so badly ventilated that occupants of the front seats are fried at one extremity and refrigerated at the other, but some definitely are, and most of the others are nothing like so good as they ought to be.



THE NEW 1,400-H.P. BLUE BIRD

The Napier-Campbell chassis nearing completion at Messrs. Thomson and Taylor's workshops at Brooklands Track, Byfleet, Mr. Railton being responsible for the design of this car

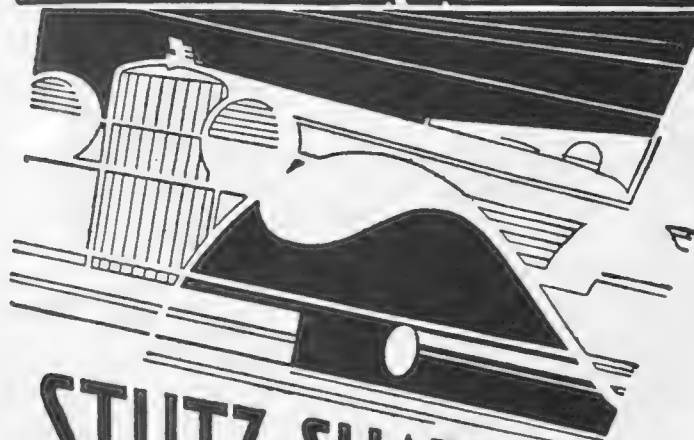
## MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

The new 1,400-h.p. Blue Bird has been specially constructed to defend the world's land-speed record of 231 m.p.h. which was set up by the late Sir Henry Segrave at Daytona in 1929. It is expected that there will be considerable international rivalry early next year for the world's honours. It is interesting to note that a car built in Australia is now nearing completion, and will be making its bid for this record at approximately the same time as the Blue Bird. The Napier-Campbell is British-built throughout and is equipped with a special 1,400-h.p. 12-cylinder Napier Lion supercharged engine. The bore of this motor is 139·7 mm. and the stroke is 130·17 mm. The approximate power given off by this engine is 1,450-h.p. at 3,600 r.p.m., and the weight complete of the motor is 1,114 lb., which is equivalent to roughly  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. per horse-power. The car is fitted with a constant mesh-type of gear-box, giving three forward speeds and reverse, and the weight of the car is approximately 2½ tons. It is built very low, and the top of the driver's head will be less than 45 in. from the ground when he is seated in the car. From end to end it is 25½ ft. long, and the body has been designed to offer the least possible wind resistance. Very exhaustive wind tunnel tests have been carried out, which show that the Blue Bird should be capable of reaching a very high speed.

An expedition of the most modern type is leaving for Tanganyika in the course of a few days. Lord Lovelace, who is contemplating an elephant hunt in East Africa, intends to depart shortly in his new Ford Pullman aeroplane, piloted by that well-known airman, Captain Barnard.

This is another example of the growing spirit of air-mindedness, which is so prevalent in the sporting world. Such methods enable one to enjoy big-game hunting without any of the difficulties of time and transport which have hitherto confronted hunters.

Warwick Wright Says



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ALL RECORDS!

Standard Model beats Transcontinental Road Record  
New York to Los Angeles, by 6 hours 47 minutes.  
Beats train by 15 hours. Travels 3,220 miles in  
60 hours 51 minutes, averaging 52.92 miles an hour for  
3 nights and 2 days.

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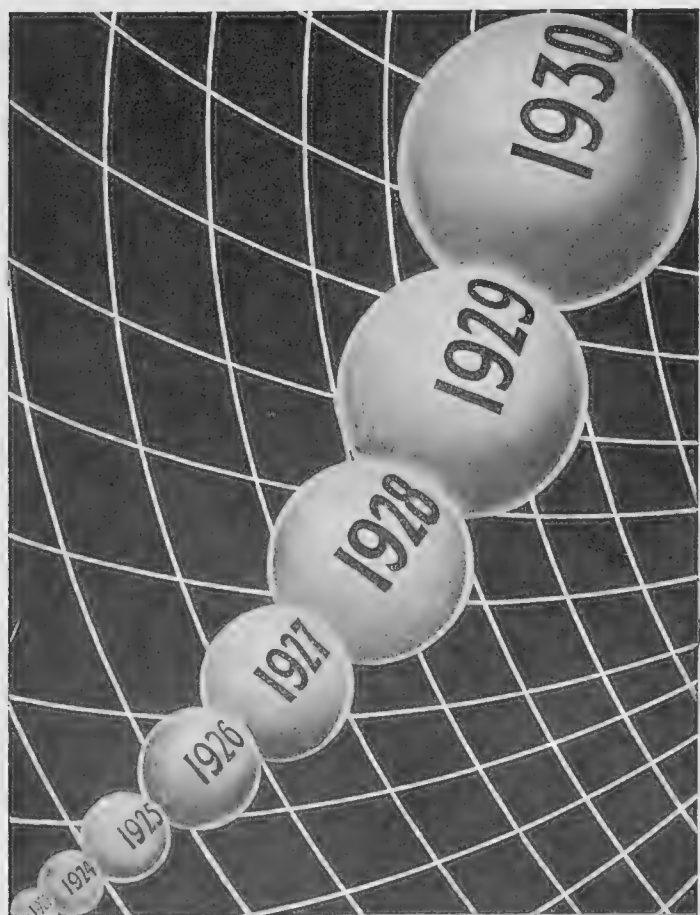
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**MISS ANNIE CROFT,**  
the charming Actress who plays a leading  
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"WHENEVER I feel depression, weakness or nervousness creeping upon me, 'Phosferine to the rescue' is my first thought: a dose soon banishes every bit of lassitude. I was plunged into the throes of rehearsing for 'Dear Love' almost immediately I returned from Australia after an absence of two years. Such a continual whirl of rehearsals and touring is always sufficient to try the strength of the strongest constitutions. I began to feel 'not so fresh,' I felt 'tired' and nervous, worrying that something might go wrong. The real 'nervy' feeling possessed me and I became alarmed until I remembered Phosferine which I have taken before and which I used and found indispensable when travelling through tropical climates. I now take it regularly and find as a nerve strengthener and stimulant it is unrivalled. Unlike other remedies I find Phosferine not just momentary, but sustaining throughout the whole day."

*From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.*

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Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

Also take SANACINE—The most effective Remedy for Colds and Coughs (A Phosferine Product) Tablets and Liquid 1/3 and 3/-

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## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

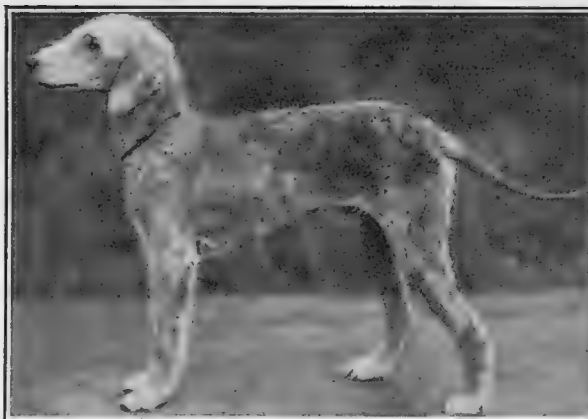
The Members' Show on December 4 was a great success. It seems rather late to write about this, but these notes have been suspended lately owing to lack of space. Mrs. Trelawney as usual had the arrangements well in hand, and was assisted by a band of helpers among whom were Mrs. Knapp, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Winter, Mrs. Mant, Mrs. Holt, and of course Miss Bond. The quality of the exhibits was high, and there were some dogs of great interest in the Foreign Dog classes, notably the Thibetan mastiff, and the Apsos, belonging to Mrs. Baily, the Thibetan spaniel shown by Mrs. Greig, and the Boston Terrier, the property of Mrs. McCormick-Goodhart. The special for the Best Exhibit in the Show was awarded to Mrs. Raymond Mallock's King Charles spaniel, Ch. Ashton-More Baritore. This lovely little dog is perfect in spaniel points, and is in addition the most beautiful mover, his action resembling that of a sporting spaniel. The special for the best bitch went to Mrs. Walker's Irish setter, Hartsbourne Jade.



UKO DE CHAVALARD  
The property of Mrs. Christopher

The Hon. S. Hood annexed the special for the best brace with her White West Highlanders, while that for best team was won by Mrs. Gatacres' keeshonds. The show had an additionally attractive aspect in some very alluring stalls covered with Christmassy-looking wares of all kinds.

There was a very good entry for Bedlingtons, including a team shown by Miss Sturt. She sends a photograph of one of them, Knowlton Peter Pan. This dog won seven firsts when under a year old. Miss Sturt has some nice dog pups for sale, half brothers of Peter; they are three months old. She also has



KNOWLTON PETER PAN  
The property of Miss Sturt

bitch puppies of all ages. Miss Sturt has moved from London and has settled near High Wycombe, where she has started a boarding kennel. As she has a car she can collect and return any boarders. All boarders are kept separate from her dogs, and have runs to themselves. As the kennels are high up, with plenty of fresh air, dogs should do well.

A mong all the toy breeds none is more attractive than the pom. In colour as in "make and shape" a good pom is a pleasure to look at, it is as nearly perfect as any animal can be. In addition they are unusually intelligent, and become quite human when made companions of. Mrs. Pearce has been in bad health for some time, so has reluctantly to part with some of her poms. She sends a photograph of Stargold Red Flame, which she is offering for sale. She says, "she is a most brilliant orange, 3 lb. weight, 1 year old, a winner every time shown." Mrs. Pearce adds, "unfortunately the photograph does not do her justice, she is so full of life and high spirits, and

hates

the ordeal of posing for the camera." Mrs. Pearce also has two tiny puppies for sale, seven months old; all are strong and healthy.

Mrs. Christopher has lately taken up schnauzers and has purchased the winning dog, Uko de Chavalard, son of the 1928 German champion. As Uko has 23 German champions in the first five generations of his pedigree he should make good at stud. Mrs. Christopher has also bought Sarella de Chavalard, which is a sister of big winners. Schnauzers have now risen to championship status, so there is sure to be a lot doing in the breed during the coming year. Mrs. Christopher sends a photograph of Uko.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



STARGOLD RED FLAME  
The property of Mrs. Pearce

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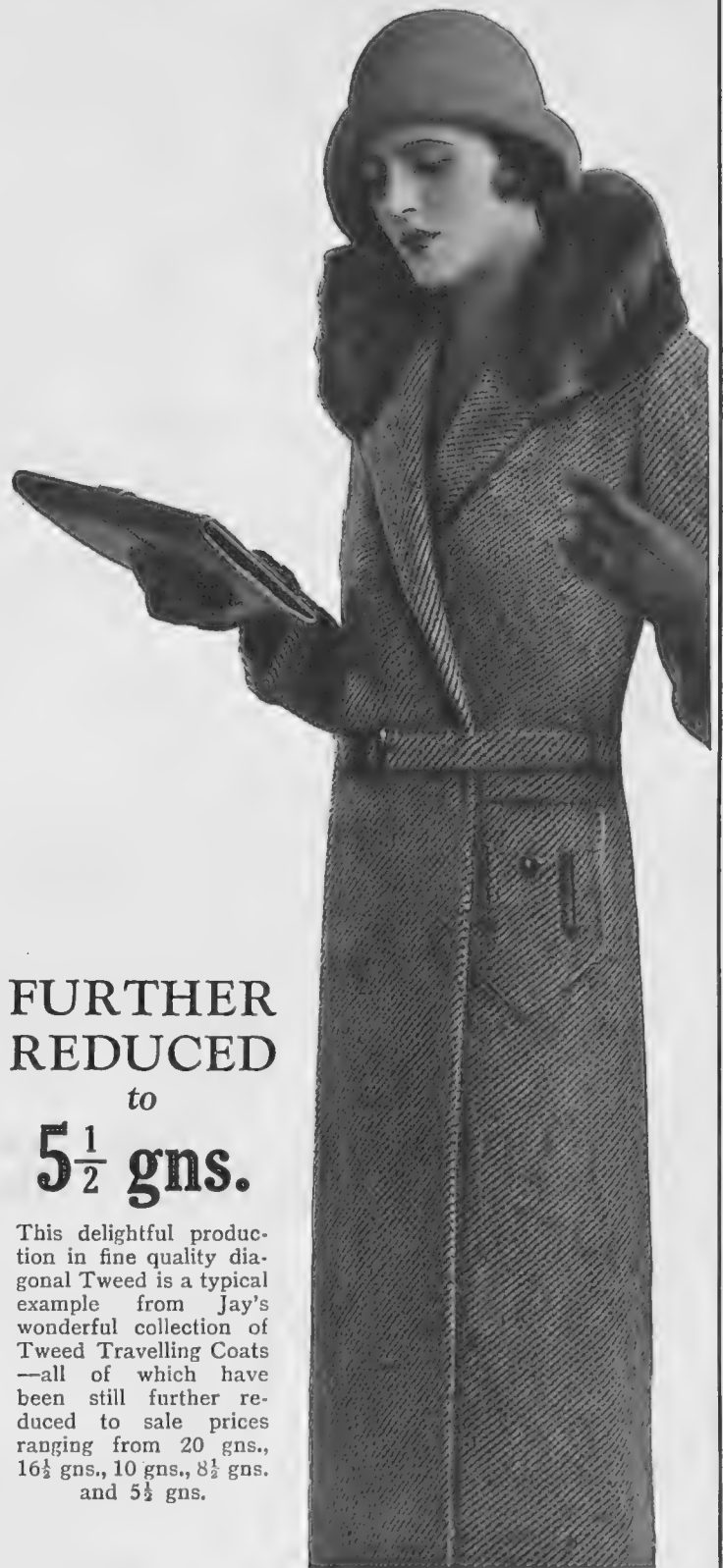
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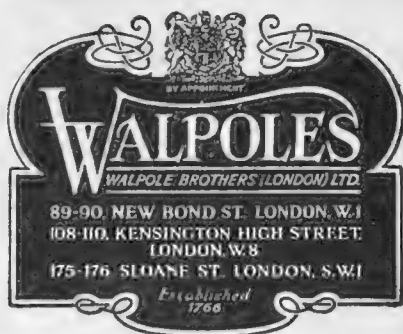
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The arch of the foot



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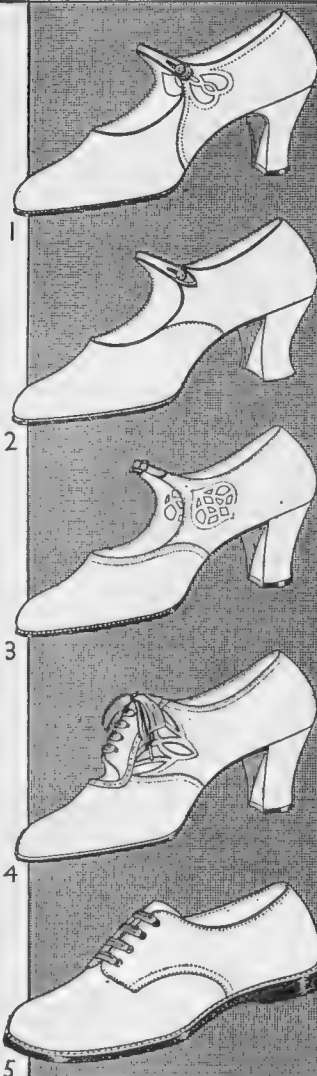
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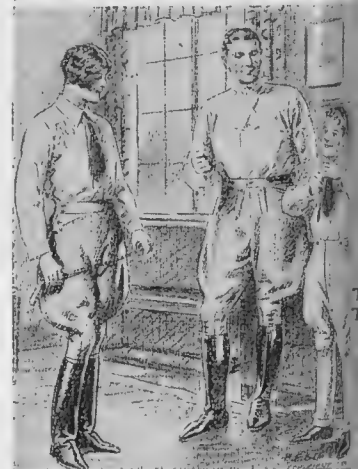
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